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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1837. NO. 836.---VOL. XVI.—NO. 33.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

From the Unitarian Magazine and Chronicle.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH UNITARIAN HISTORY. No. 9.

The inscription on the tombstone of William Whiston, at Lyndon, in the county of Rutland, has done justice to his memory.

'Here lyeth the body of the Rev. Mr William Whiston, M. A., some time professor of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, who was born December 9th, 1667, and died August 22d, 1752, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Endued with an excellent genius, indefatigable in labor and study, he became learned in divinity, ancient history, chronology, philosophy, and mathematics. Fertile in sentiment, copious in language, skilful to convey instruction, he introduced the Newtonian philosophy, then buried in the deepest recesses of geometry, into public knowledge, and thereby displayed the wonderful works of God. More desirous to discover his will, he applied himself chiefly to the examination and study of the Holy Scriptures. Resolved to practise it, he sacrificed great worldly advantages and greater expectations, that he might preserve the testimony of a good conscience. Firmly persuaded of the truth and importance of revealed religion, he exerted his utmost ability to enforce the evidence, to explain the doctrines, and promote the practice of Christianity; worshipping God with the most profound submission and adoration, the supreme majesty of the one God and Father of all, through the intercession and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the grace and influence of the Holy Spirit, and testifying the sincerity of his profession by the due obedience of a holy life; strictly tenacious of his integrity, equally fervent in piety and charity, ardent to promote the glory of God and the good of mankind; zealous in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue, he persevered with faith and patience, steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, through many trials and much tribulation, to the end of his course, full of days, and ripe for paradise, in a firm assurance of a joyful resurrection to everlasting life and happiness. Now, reader, whoever thou art, if thou canst not attain to the measure of his learning and knowledge, yet it is in thy power to equal him in piety, probity, holiness, and other Christian graces; and thou mayest hereby obtain together with him, through the merries of God and merits of Christ, an everlasting crown of glory.'

James Foster was born at Exeter on the 16th of September, 1697. When five years old, he was sent to the grammar-school of his native city; and from this school, in due time, he was removed to the academy for students in the ministry kept by the Rev. Joseph Hallet, the elder, under whose superintendence he completed his academical studies. In the year 1718, when he was twenty years and a half old, he entered upon public life, by beginning to preach; but having embraced that form of Christian doctrine which had been recently advocated by Whiston and Clarke, clergymen of the Established Church, he did not immediately receive a call to a situation among the Dissenters. He soon after, however, removed to a small congregation at Milborn Port in Somersetshire; but, finding this situation unsuitable, he found a friendly asylum and calm retreat at the house of the Rev. Nicholas Billingsley, at Ashwick, under the Mendip Hills. In this retreat Mr Foster pursued his studies with close attention, and preached to two country congregations near Wells, which together did not raise him more than the yearly salary of £15. 'His chief view,' as one who knew him has attested, 'was to maintain his own integrity, and promote the honor of his great Lord; bearing difficulties with rational firmness, and calm submission to the Divine will.' From Ashwick, he removed to a small Presbyterian congregation, at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, where, however, his means of subsistence were so inadequate, that he had some intention of quitting the ministry, and learning the trade of a glover from a Mr Norman, with whom he boarded. At this juncture, however, a change took place in his opinions respecting baptism, partly in consequence of reading the controversy between Wall and Gale, in which he thought the latter, who was the advocate of *believers'* baptism, had the advantage: he accordingly submitted to this ordinance at Barbican, London, where Gale was an occasional preacher, though not, as some of Foster's biographers have intimated, the settled minister. It was in the year 1724 that Foster accepted of an invitation to be co-pastor of this society with the Rev. Joseph Burroughs. His acceptance of this office is dated 26th April, in that year, as appears from the church book (beginning May 22d, 1695.) This appointment led to all our author's subsequent fame. It was while in this connexion that he published his Answer to Tindal, viz. A. D. 1731, an octavo volume, which is among the most celebrated of his works. It was applauded by all parties, went through several editions, and Tindal himself was accustomed to speak of this Defence of Christianity with great respect. In the year 1728, while still pastor of the Barbican Baptist church, he was invited to deliver courses of Sunday evening lectures at the Old Jewry chapel, where the celebrated Dr Chandler was one of the ministers. He had himself delivered lectures in the same place, which were afterwards published. These lectures were continued by Mr Foster, to crowded audiences, during the winter season, for more than twenty years. Those discourses called forth the commendation of the poet of Twickenham, in his well-known couplet,—

> Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
> Ten Metropolitans in preaching well.

Pope had quoted to Bolingbroke, and the latter recites with commendation, a passage found in one of Foster's printed sermons, 'where mystery begins, religion ends.'

Subsequently, our author accepted an invitation to take charge of the Independent church at Pinners' Hall, succeeding Dr Hunt, the friend of Lardner; and preached his first sermon there January 6th, 1745. In the following year, he was called to an office which proved a severe trial of his sensibility, and which is thought to have been a remote cause of his death. It was the request of the Earl of Kilmarnock, who had been implicated in the rebellion of the preceding year, that he should administer to him consolation in the closing scene of his life, and even attend him on the scaffold. An account of his conversations with this unfortunate nobleman was afterwards published by him, which, though it displeased the fanatics of that day, may be expected to give satisfaction to all who make use of reason in matters of religion. From that time Foster's vivacity and health declined, though he continued to preach till January 5th, 1752. He died on the 5th November in the following year. He never discovered any uneasiness on account of his theological principles, 'but, to the last, spoke with great dissatisfaction of the narrow and confined schemes of the divine mercy.'

Foster was the author of four volumes of excellent sermons, chiefly practical, which may be read with great advantage at the present day; and of two volumes in quarto, of 'Discourses on all the principal Branches of Natural Religion and Social Virtue.' 1749—1752. The list of subscribers to this work, to the number of two thousand, enumerated at the beginning of the second volume, has probably no equal for extent and respectability, affixed to any work of 'Dissenting Divinity.' He engaged in controversy with Stebbing, on the subject of Heresy, and also wrote some of the essays in the 'Old Whig.' The University of Aberdeen, in the most flattering manner, conferred upon him, in the year 1748, the degree of doctor in divinity.

A tract has been recently re-printed by the Unitarian Association, published by our author A. D. 1720, and edited by the Rev. Charles Bulkley in 1750. It is now given to the English public after an interval of eighty-five years, and is believed to be adapted to remove the false impressions still remaining in the minds of some Trinitarian Dissenters, in relation to the origin of Unitarianism in England, and the conduct to be pursued towards its advocates. To the Essay are added some valuable extracts from the Introduction to the celebrated 'Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity,' by Dr Samuel Clarke, which, it is conceived, will be found to harmonize well with the sentiments of Dr Foster, since this work of Dr Clarke, in conjunction with others of the honest Whiston, greatly contributed to produce the circumstances in which Foster was in early life placed. These extracts are taken from the third edition of 'The Scripture Doctrine,' published in the year 1732, which edition, we are told by the editor, 'contained several alterations and additions which were left by the author ready for the press, and which are exactly printed from his copy.'

A Rule without an Exception.—It is often said there is no rule without an exception,—but there is one rule to which I never knew an exception. I never knew a respectable person that did not behave with decency in a place of public worship.—*Virginia Free Press.*

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

THE THUG WORSHIP.

About the middle of the last century, when the French Savans began their notable conspiracy against the Christian religion, one of their favorite contrivances was to praise the virtues of Paganism. Examples of excellence were quoted in every corner of the globe but Christendom. The Chinese, the Laplanders, the Sandwich Islanders, the Tartars, all were pronounced to exhibit virtues unknown to nations *degraded* by Christianity. But it was on India that the eyes of the perfectionists were turned with the most assured triumph. The gentle manners and gentle countenances of the Hindoos were assumed as spontaneous evidences of moral superiority. Their diet chiefly on herbs, their dwelling chiefly among forests: their pastoral, simple and obscure habits, marked them, in the estimate of Paris, less as the best of Pagans, than the moral masters of mankind. Raynal's huge romance, Savary's Egypt, The Stories of Paraguay, The Narratives of the American Wilderness, all teeming with the charms, passions, valor, and genius of uncultivated man, displayed before the dazzled eyes of Europe a perpetual panorama. Still the Hindoos were the chief figures of the illusion; and the crimes of Christianity were gloomily contrasted with the innocence of a vast people, reposing under their banyan trees, bathing their graceful forms in vast marble fountains by moonlight, offering up their primitive worship to Nature and Mind in temples of porphyry; and, when life was about to decay, calmly sitting by the brink of some of their mighty streams, and surrendering their feeble forms to the sacred embrace of the Indus or the Ganges.

The growing intercourse of the English with India from the period of the famous battle of Plassey in 1746, partially resisted this declamation. They easily discovered the qualities of the Hindoo, and the Englishman's rough sincerity, at all times the antipodes of the Frenchman's willing delusion, alternately argued against, laughed at, and disdained the romances. But all France resounded with the triumphs of its literature,—its voice would suffer no rival—its opinion was the oracle of Europe, and the Englishman, always contemptuous of national vanity, told his tale, and left the truth to make its way in its own good time.

Time has done its work, as it always does, and the native Hindoo character has at length blackened the cover of romance that wrapped it in imaginary virtue. Treachery, craft, cruelty, selfishness instinctive, and sensuality unbounded, were acknowledged to be the national character. And though exceptions may occur, the utter inferiority of the Indian Pagan to the European Christian has long been an established conviction.

But a remarkable reinforcement to this conviction has just been given. It has been ascertained that Hindostan has contained for ages, and contains at this hour, a vast multitude whose profession is murder, whose livelihood is the plunder obtained by this murder, and whose religion consists in offering up human lives from one to a hundred at a time, in compendious bloodshed, to their demon goddess, Kalee!

The inquiries made during the late government of Lord William Bentinck have proved that this satanic brotherhood consists of many thousands; that it has existed through many ages, and all the revolutions of Indian power in those ages; that it has spread over the whole immense surface of the country, from the sea to the mountains; that it has held on its hideous course alike under the successive Hindoo, Mahometan, and British lords of the golden peninsula; and, most singular of all, that it has almost wholly evaded research during this long period, and that, fully known to exist, it has always escaped the direct grasp of justice, thus adding to the remorseless cruelty of a fiend scarcely less than the impalpability and invisibility of a spirit of darkness. This abhorred league, or worship, is called *Thuggee*, and the assassins are called *Thugs*. The history of their goddess is as follows:

Rakut Beej Dana, a demon in the early ages of the world, devoured the human race as fast as they were born. To enable the world to be peopled, Kalee Davey resolved to destroy this universal devourer. But the demon was a giant, of so vast a stature that the deepest waters of the ocean could not reach above his waist, and he strode over the earth with inconceivable force and swiftness. Still Kalee Davey assailed him, and in the fight clove him down. But the fight was not finished by his fall. From every drop of his blood another demon sprang, who desperately renewed the battle. Successive deaths only produced a still more countless crowd of new-born demons; and Kalee, already exhausted, saw that she was surrounded by a new host of terrors, and that the victory was about to be lost. The flow of blood was obviously the cause. In this crisis, she brushed the moisture from one of her arms—of it formed two men—and, that no drop of blood more might be shed, equipped them with two handkerchiefs, to strangle the demon army.

The work was done. The demons were extinguished, and the two champions returned to the goddess to restore their handkerchiefs. But she desired that they should preserve them, as the means of a profession by which their descendants were to live. Enjoining them to strangle men with the handkerchief, as they had strangled the demons, and giving them their plunder, she added, perhaps for the ease of their consciences, they might claim this as a right; for, having been the means of securing the peopling of the earth, they were entitled to take some lives at their pleasure. Kalee next told them, that they need not trouble themselves about burying their victims, as she would provide for that case, on the condition, however, that they never look back to see what she did with them. At length a slave had the daring curiosity to look. He saw Kalee, devouring the bodies, and tossing them into the air. The goddess was offended, and she pronounced that thenceforth they must manage the matter for themselves.

It must have startled our showy residents, and glittering dames at the Bengal Presidency, to know, that in Calcutta, they were in the favorite region of Kalee: that they had assisted at the orgies of Kalee; and the Hindoos regarded them as frequently worshippers of this incarnate devil, whose chosen name is Kimkalee (the eater of man.)

But such is the state of the national belief. The Thugs hold, that Kalee first appeared on earth *in Calcutta;* that, after she had destroyed the demon chieftain, Rakut, at the eastern extremity of the Vindeya range, she bore the corpse to Calcutta, and that she buried it on the spot where her temple is now reared. From the strangely inconsiderate manner in which the Europeans go to the idolatrous feasts of the natives, and, among the rest, from their attendance on the great days of Kalee, they imagine them, and with some show of reason, her votaries. The East India Company, too, is charged with the horribly culpable subserviency of assigning to this horrible superstition lands for the endowment of its temple! And *the priests often publickly make offerings to the idol in the name of the Company.* Should such things be? Or, if they exist, could we be surprised at any degree of scorn that might be felt for our timidity, our policy, or our religion? The Hindoos worship her with great veneration. They often repeat in their prayers, 'Oh, Kalee! great goddess of Calcutta, may thy promise never be made in vain.' Her delight is said to be in massacre; her drink is perpetual gore. She is believed to be of the intensest black, and to be so hideous, that no mortal eye could endure the sight of her appalling deformity.

This we conceive to be a final answer to all the dreams of human perfectibility. A league in which mutual crime is the single bond; a worship in which murder is the religion; a morality in which the commission of the most revolting of all human crimes is held not merely innocent, but a *duty.* What is this but Satan visible in man?

I have seen a lark arising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises and in hopes to get to heaven and climb among the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than all the vibrations of his wings seemed to exalt him, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was overpast; and then it made a prosperous flight, for then it did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from some angel as he passed some time through the air. So is the prayer of a good man when agitated by passion. He fain would speak to God; but his words are of the earth earthy. He would look to his Maker; but he could not help seeing also the thing which distracted him, and a tempest was raised and the man overruled: his prayer was broken and his thoughts were troubled, and his words ascended to the clouds, and the wandering of his imagination recalled them, and in all the fluctuating varieties of passion they are never like to reach God at all. But he sits him down and sighs over his infirmity, and fixes his thoughts upon things above, and forgets all the little vain passages of this life, and his spirit is becalmed, and his soul is even and still, and then it softly and sweetly ascends to heaven on the wings of the Holy Dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.—*Taylor.*

Dr South says that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough tail.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE SEA.

Strange that any who have it in their power should not improve this season of hot suns and dusty roads to visit the sea and enjoy the delicious coolness which there reigns from morning to morning. A bracing freshness pervades the sea air which sends new life through the tired body. The exhausted spirits are recruited and rally for happiness. The lost appetite, is recovered; the bloom which had faded on beauty's cheek, is resumed; an elasticity is imparted to the step which through the warm season and amidst brick walls and on heated pavements it had hardly known. The languid eye is strengthened and brightened, and declares, in looking again on familiar scenes, that all nature is dressed in new attire, when in fact the fault has been in itself and not in nature that it looked not always so. But the sea effects a holier purpose than that of reviving the animal frame;—a purpose far higher indeed than that of bearing on its bosom rich argosies, of increasing commerce and of scattering wealth over the globe.

The sea has a language for man's spiritual nature, and for this let him visit its shores. God made all things to converse with man; and yet for the most part unworthy passions and vexatious cares create such conflicts, so much unquiet in his breast that the peaceful voices of nature's monitors are all unheard. But the ocean's roar we must hear, and how it speaks. First and chiefly of its great Creator. A power is here manifested, far above any with which we are familiar, that at the early creation spread out this moving surface, when in the language of scripture at the voice of the Almighty, the waters under the heavens were gathered together unto one place and the dry land appeared. Speculate, Infidel, as you will upon what you term the probable action of a blind chance, the fortuitous collection of atoms, here are atoms indeed which no chance by any laws of its own could thus preserve in their regular motions. Mark the clear waves as they come rolling peacefully in beneath the bright sun and the still air, or when rocked by the gentle breeze they throw their white spray over the sea and the land, for in my ear they come charged with a message of love from the Father of all. And when in seeming wrath they are lifted to the skies by the tempest's blast, dashing with the sound of the thunder bolt upon the rocky coast, and burying in their cold depths the noble ship but just now borne quietly over their surface, I am stirred to adore the same infinite power and bow submissively to an infinite wisdom and love I may not perhaps clearly trace. Fit emblem too is the ocean of the eternity of God. Twin sister of light, of the earth on which we dwell, of the starry firmament above and of the human race, what older monument of the Creator do our feeble senses recognise? Thou art ever new, wide sea, and yet ever old;—twice renewed with every circling sun, and yet rolling in the same as in long distant time. Fit emblem thou art of life;—thy flowing tides the successive generations of men.

And the sea moreover utters its voice to the spirits of the living from the countless dead whose bones its waves are whitening. Who indeed shall number the multitudes that have gone down in its cold embrace? The smiling babe, the careless child, the joyous youth have there sunk with the hoary headed man. Friend and foe, all apart elsewhere, have been united there. There rests the beautiful bride in the arms of him who with her had counted on long years of happiness;—coral or gold it may be, their couch, while only their memories live behind in the hearts of stricken friends. There too rests the merchant whose mind was maturing great schemes, his unexpected death interrupted; the poor maniac too, whose burning brain drove him for relief to the cooling tide. There lies the philanthropist and the statesman, earth's honored ones, with the lowly matron and maid, together in this great common grave. I cannot walk upon the shore and listen to the music of the waters without fancying it the dirge of the insensible ones below. No marvel that the untutored imagination of a rude age has peopled the deep with mermaids and divers spirits. Did not the notion spring from the circumstance that the living were there engulfed whose spirits reason taught could not die, and as she conceived of no heavenly region where they might still exist, fixed their everlasting homes in the sea? Even so, for the spirits of those who died upon the land did she find a home in the open air and about familiar scenes where at pleasure they might roam as apparitions. Most eloquently do these departed ones proclaim to us the uncertainty of life. They had not the warning voice of sickness, bidding them to prepare. The tempest was raging, and quick perhaps as the lightning's flash, the waves were parted and closed over them. Or they rode upon the treacherous rock and as instantly were entombed in the waters. Or they went down from joyous life, amidst the sufferings of the dreadful flames; or perchance war was driving in his mad course over the sea, and they fall beneath his grasp; or they encountered the murderous cruiser and thus passed from festivity by slower tortures it may be to their last home. You will come to us, they say; it matters not whether through the sea, or from the land;—all uncertain when, therefore prepare to be with us.

Other voices seem the dead to utter over whom the sea rolls, but let us hear no more now. A glorious thing is the sea, at times as sublime as any spectacle nature offers. Emblem of life, emblem of the eternal one, imagine his powor, wisdom and love! Silent and sunny monitor, monitor of unutterable dread! Hoary with age, and yet seemingly born with the child of to day! I feel in looking over the ocean, in extent beyond the eye's reach, and in imagination to its unmeasured depths as if it were indeed the greatest of God's works. And yet, Ocean, the spirit of man is greater than thou art. That roams to greater extent, to loftier heights and farther depths than thou; that speaks as thou canst not speak, that thinks and acts and worships God and loves man. That too will live forever as thou wilt not. And wrapped in contemplation upon the grandeur I would look beyond, to that time when the wandering waters of the ocean shall all be gathered in even as the beautiful heavens shall be rolled together; when in the sublime language of the Apocalypse, a new heaven and a new earth shall appear, for the first heaven and the first earth shall have parsed away and there shall be no more sea.

Quincy. F. A. W.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES. NO. 6.

Further extracts from the correspondence of Rev. Mr Huntington.

Toledo, July 11, 1837.

My dear Sir,—Since I wrote you last, I have had a slight attack of fever, which confined me to my bed about a fortnight. Thanks to a kind Providence, I am now gaining strength and spirits daily, though still very much emaciated, and, of course, quite weak. In a very few days, I trust, I shall be able to leave here for Chicago by the way of the northern lakes; the trip around being made by the steamboats in about the same time, and at nearly the same expense, as nearly as I can learn, as the journey over land. But I should be unable to gain sufficient strength for a journey across the peninsula as soon as for the voyage. Perhaps, I shall halt a week at Mackinaw, or at Green Bay, to recruit. The air is pure, cool, and healthy in both those places; the waters salubrious; and there are facilities for cold bathing. My system is sadly run down. You would not think it possible, that a person in my health, before the attack, could have been so completely prostrated in so short a time. Three Sundays have passed over me and found me unable to preach. This itself has been a trial to me. I hope that, by the time I reach Hills borough, my strength will be fully restored. Pray that I may come to the people there in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Had it not been for my illness, I should probably have left here before this time.—You are aware, that all which has detained me here, beyond the first Sabbath, was the hope of being able to aid our friends in this place in establishing Unitarian meetings on a permanent footing. This has been the object in which all my thoughts, plans and labors have centered; and I would make almost any sacrifice rather than see it fail. I spoke of our six months' experiment, now projected, in my last. While I was sick, the plan got on exceedingly slow. Indeed, nothing was done till since I have got about. Four gentlemen have had to shoulder the enterprise and take upon themselves the greatest weight of the expense. One of these has subscribed one hundred dollars towards six months' preaching. But in fact, the whole labor of stirring up others in this work, soliciting subscriptions, and pushing the matter forward, has devolved upon two individuals. As soon as I was able to walk, I crept about and used my first strength in conversing with one and another, and inducing them to give us the promise of assistance. My labors have not been in vain thus far. But we shall be unable these hard times, to make out the five hundred dollars; and I shall look to the A. U. Association, or perhaps to individual Unitarian churches at the Eastward, to supply our deficiency. I do this more confidently from the fact, that the A. U. Association, last year, offered to give us one hundred dollars; from the known liberality of some of our Eastern churches; and from the fact, of the kindling spirit of Missions at the East. I see in the Register that it has been proposed to send out thirty Missionaries to the West in the course of the year. Now, if there were only one to be sent, I doubt whether a more important post could be selected for his location than Toledo. Perhaps, however, Chicago is a place of equal importance. * * * * I wish that you would use your influence with the Rev. Mr Briggs and the Executive Committee of the A. U. Association, to afford us some efficient aid. In the first place, we want a minister of the right sort to come out here in October; (by that time, the sickly season will be over.) He must be a man not only at home in the official duties of his profession, and a man of sincere piety; but 'not a novice'—not a young man, unless he has a very old head on his shoulders—in short a man of some experience in the work of building up a religious society. If he has been settled, so much the better. He must be a good speaker; one acquainted with the world, and of popular manners willing to mingle with the humblest families, and capable of entering into their interests. In the second place we want pecuniary aid. If we can be sustained six months, I think that in the course of that time, there will spring up amongst ourselves a self sustaining power. At present, the Unitarians occupy the ground here for an experiment. *If their efforts fail,* the Episcopalians stand ready to take it, and I hope they will; and they have had the offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, I am informed, in aid of sustaining a preacher, from the Bishop of New-York. You see that this is an eventful crisis with us. If you felt, as I do, my dear sir, the exceeding importance of the success of our plan, I believe you would use your influence to its utmost extent, to interest all in our cause who can possibly afford us any aid; and never rest till it were crowned with triumph. I commend the enterprise to the smiles of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and to the blessing of the Head of the Church. I will only add, that, if our scheme fails, your Missionary will feel that thus far he has labored nearly in vain and spent his strength for nought.

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July 14.—The day after writing the above, I went out, taking the subscription paper with me, and, after a very exhausting day's labor, succeeded in raising our subscription from two hundred dollars, where it had remained for ten days, to three hundred and five dollars. This is probably the full amount of what can be expected from the people here. What our Eastern friends give us, will go only towards the expense of the Missionary who may be sent out here. We calculated strongly upon being able to raise five hundred dollars among ourselves—(the estimated expense of supporting a missionary here for six months.) It remains to be seen, whether the exceeding liberality of our friends in Boston or elsewhere will supply the deficiency of two hundred dollars—or rather, whether it will take upon itself the main responsibility of sustaining a Missionary here for six months; and receive, as it were unexpectedly, whatever the good people feel able and disposed to give. Our friends at the East must not forget the great number and variety of demands that are constantly made, in a new place like this, upon all the available resources—not only in the improvement, or, I might rather say, the founding of a new place, but in the claims of charity from our many poor.

My health has been steadily, though slowly, improving, since I commenced writing this letter: and I shall take the first steamboat that leaves Detroit for the North, which will be the James Madison, on Wednesday next.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

HERDER'S PARABLES.

[Translated from the German.]

FOURTH COLLECTION.

1. *Fidelity.*

From fidelity to man, we learn fidelity to God.

Phinehas, the son of Jair, a poor, but honest man, dwelt in a city towards the South. Some men came to him, and gave him some corn to keep; they forgot to call for it and rode away.

What did Phinehas? He sowed the corn every year, reaped the harvest, and gathered it into his barns. After seven years, the men returned and demanded their corn.

Phinehas immediately recognized them, and said, 'Come and take the treasures with which the Lord has blessed you. Lo, there you have what is yours.'

* * * * * * * *

Simeon, the son of Shetach, purchased an ass of an Ishmaelite.

His son perceived that a precious stone was hanging about the neck of the ass, and said unto his father, 'Father, the blessing of the Lord maketh rich.' 'Not so,' replied Simeon, 'I have bought the ass, but not the jewel.' And he restored it to the Ishmaelite.

2. *The African's Decision in Law.*

Alexander once went from Macedonia, to a remote Province in Africa, which abounded with gold. The inhabitants went out to meet him, and brought him shells full of golden apples and fruits. 'Eat these fruits yourselves,' said Alexander, 'I am not come to see your possessions, but to learn your manners.' They led him to the market-place, where the king held his court.

A citizen appeared and said, 'O King, I bought of this man a sack full of chaff, and I have found a considerable treasure in it. The chaff is mine, but not the gold, and this man will not take it back. Command him, O king, for it is his.'

Then his opponent, likewise a citizen of the place, replied, 'Thou art fearful of taking something unjustly, and shall not I fear to take from thee unjustly? I sold thee the sack with all that was in it; take what is thine! Command him, O King!'

The king asked the former if he had a son, and he answered, 'Yes.' He then asked the other if he had a daughter, and the answer was 'Yes.' 'Very well, then,' said the king, 'you are both just men. Marry your two children to one another, and give them the treasure you have found, for a wedding present; that is my decision.'

Alexander was astonished when he heard the decision. 'Have I judged unjustly,' said the king of the distant land, 'that thou art so astonished?' 'Not at all,' said Alexander, 'but in our country it would have been decided differently.' 'And how then?' said the African king. 'Both of the parties would have lost their heads, and the treasure would have fallen into the hands of the king.'

The king clasped his hands together, exclaiming, 'Does the sun shine upon you, and heaven permit rain?' Alexander replied, 'Yes.' 'Then,' continued he, 'it must be on account of the innocent beasts, for upon such men no sun would shine, no heaven would rain.'

Ambiguous Preaching.—On coming out from public worship, I asked Mr P. a distinguished pious lawyer, how he liked the sermon of Dr B. 'I think sir,' said he, 'that it comes under the *third head.*' 'How so?' said I. 'A certain French preacher,' he replied, 'after a long and pompous introduction, said, 'I shall now proceed, my hearers, to divide my subject into three parts:

1. I shall tell you about that which I know, and you do not know.

2. I shall tell you about that which you know, and which I do not know.

3. And lastly, I shall tell you about that which neither you nor I know.'

Alas! how much preaching comes under the third head.—*Christian Watchman.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DEFENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS. No. 4.

Mr Editor,—In our last, room was solicited for a remark or two in general; and one in particular for 'A lover of Sunday Schools,' as a close to this defence. The remark in general, has relation to the charge of sensitiveness on the part of the friends of Sunday Schools to the *faults* of these Institutions. This charge assumes a diversity of forms running through a variety of phases in 'A word for Sunday Schools;' and is filtered to miserable dregs in 'A word to Ultras' in a subsequent paper. It is said in the one 'that they are not willing to be told that they have *any faults*;' and in the other that 'they indicate or manifest under such charges that exclusiveness, that want of charity, that blindness and I had well nigh said that obstinacy—which an entire devotion to any one cause is so apt to generate.' The profound charity, kindness and modesty of this latter remark will be felt and acknowledged by all. But the friends of Sunday Schools deny the truth of the charge *in toto*; and at the same time are willing to admit it in one sense in all its length and breadth.* They deny that they are unwilling to hear all or any of the faults which can be urged against Sunday Schools. On the contrary, they are continually in all their publications and at all their meetings pointing out or proposing questions for discussion that lead others to point out any and all of their defects; aiming and endeavoring to correct the slightest of their deficiencies, and remedy every evil which may be either felt or feared as resulting from their operations. In all the communications which have been published in your paper or elsewhere on the subject of Sunday Schools, there will be found but one or two in which there has been any attempt to rebut or complain of the severest peices which have been written on this subject; and these were cases, in which the charges were manifestly unfounded, or exceedingly exaggerated.

But we admit our sensitiveness in all its length and breadth when these charges come to us in a questionable form, and in a spirit which indicates an imperfect conception or appreciation of the institution, a want of knowledge of its real condition, and a jealousy of its supposed great or growing popularity. We will put a case to illustrate our meaning, and to defend the course which we adopt. Suppose a writer then in the Register to head an article 'A word for the A. U. A,' and should go on to give an opinion that its friends 'entertain too exalted an estimate of its comparative consequence and value,'—that the Association was but 'in its infancy,'—that they were still 'experimenting with it,'—that many other institutions were vastly its superior,—that it was but an 'appendage and ornament,'—that many of its agents 'were not competent, faithful or regular,'—that they employed too many 'young persons' who in their addresses or discourses imparted 'very low and unworthy motives, very unjust notions of God and Jesus,' to the people of the West and elsewhere; and finally made it an indispensable condition that no agent or missionary should be employed who had not 'a *deep* and *long* experimental acquaintance with its (Christianity's) life,'—none but those who '*loved*, deeply and tenderly loved Jesus &c. &c,' we ask if the friends of the Association would be thought too sensitive, or be called alarmists, or charged with exclusiveness, uncharitableness, blindness, ay obstinacy if they entered upon their *defence*, and in doing so should intimate that such charges were the proof of an under current which had long been felt, but which before had not received a 'local habitation or a name.' We say, not,—and more, that their feelings in such a case would be uttered in tones, and justified in tones from one end of the denomination to the other, that, ultraism or no ultraism, it would seem best to all that the charges should neither be defended or repeated. Our complaint then is not with fault-finding, but with the manner in which fault is found,—a manner in which our motives are indirectly impugned, our condition misrepresented, and our usefulness unjustly undervalued and disparaged. All we ask is, that others should do unto us as they would that others should do unto them.

We solicited space for a word in particular to 'A Lover of Sunday Schools;' but his *feather* as you significantly termed it is so long and *light*, that to take any notice of it perhaps would be only 'to break a fly upon a wheel.' There is one remark however in his communication, appertaining to the great subject of religious education, that deserves at least a passing notice. It is addressed to one who is fully competent to defend himself, but is of such a general character that it may without impropriety be noticed here. 'I know not Vindex' says that writer 'nor what are his domestic relations, but if he is a father, I have no doubt, from the hearty interest in religious education which breathes throughout the communication, that he labors faithfully for the spiritual education of his children. Why should he not suppose there are others like him?' Now it is this very difficulty which has given to an *Elder Teacher* his strongest interest and faith in Sunday Schools. With all his zeal and earnestness in the spiritual education of the young he has found from long and sad experience how utterly inadequate is the spiritual culture which can be given to children at home under the most favorable circumstances. The office of a mother is one of deep responsibility, and is worthily executed in a great many cases in this respect. While the child is yet upon the knee, or under her immediate eye and care, there is something,—frequently much, done to leave upon its tender mind, religious truth, and Christian feeling. But as one presses upon the other, the elder are more and more neglected. Sometimes,—often we hope, it is the case, that at a later period, the family are assembled once a week to read the Scriptures or to recite a dull and unexplained catechism. Sometimes passion or peevishnesss is repressed, falsehood reproved, and honesty enforced. How much more, let me ask, is done under the most favorable circumstances? How many parents are there who go beyond this in the spiritual culture of their children? Make the most of it, and how utterly inadequate is this to a proper and sufficient developement of the religious nature of an immortal being! How vastly inferior is this to the influence of a Sunday School, where the wonderful and contagious power of sympathy and example awakes the soul to a sense of its spiritual obligations, and the enjoyment of its religious nature;—where the address on some sanctified theme is brought down to the youngest understanding, and incorporated with its little thoughts; where the well-prepared teacher with an unbroken and uniformly recurring portion of time, explains the Christian Scriptures, the great moral and spiritual truths and sanctions of our holy religion with earnestness and simplicity; and where the song of gratitude and praise rises spontaneously from a hundred hearts for the gift of a Bible, a Savior, and for immortality. The affection indeed between the teacher and his pupils is not that of the parental relation; but it is the affection of a child for the teacher of its soul, the next highest for the child under heaven, and though the intercourse is but for an hour or two a week, the circumstances under which it is formed, the solemn and delightful interest by which it is connected with the object, the increased happiness which flow from it into its little but constantly enlarging heart, gives it a power which 'a daily supervision of the child's character and conduct' would hardly excel. The soul once deeply awakened to a sense of religion, is enabled to resist a thousand temptations and influences, which otherwise would paralyze or subdue it. It is not ours then to mourn over the degeneracy of the times. Allow, as we may, all that can be claimed by 'A Lover of Sunday Schools' for parental instruction, our position is still true, that even where parents are the most religious, and feel their religious obligations most deeply, the instruction is not, and never was, equal to what is required from the importance of the subject; and that there are, and always were those who never discharged this duty in any worthy manner, if at all. For the latter, all will admit that Sunday Schools are indispensable; and for the other and better class, they can offer and give substantial aid to the parent, without any detriment to their own or their children's good.

In conclusion, the Sunday School Teacher seeks for no praise and asks for no glory. Neither claims he for the Institution with which he is connected title, station or rank. His labor is in secret, out of the view of men and the world. His only reward the consciousness of doing good; and there he would always be, and this, his only recompense. If however he appears before the gaze of the multitude, it is that the good at which he aims may neither suffer by his delinquency or lost by his silence. It is, that the true claims of the Sunday School may be fully understood; so that those who have the talent and the means may be ready at all times to give it their efficient aid as an instrument of great and positive good to the community; so that he may wipe away the suspicion under which it may labor of ambitious designs or incompetent laborers, and shine out in its true and only character, the *Sunday School*, synonymous with the religious education of the young.

AN ELDER TEACHER.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

INDEPEDENCE.

Mr. Editor,—Like most virtues this is more praised than practised. As with temperance, honesty, truth and justice—so with independence, all are loud in its praise. And so also, this virtue like the others is defined by no two alike.

It seems to me, however, that more false notions prevail with regard to *this* virtue than almost any other. There is a *counterfeit* independence abroad, and it passes current, as it seems to me, with the multitude. I will attempt to define it. Its real name is the '*ultra spirit.*' To be ranked independent, now-a-days a person must take one extreme of every subject that agitates the public mind. It matters not that a man has not had time to form an opinion upon any subject. He should have done so. If he has not, it is a proof that he is not independent! This kind of independence flourishes best *without* knowledge. Reason tames it. Whichever side of a subject he takes, one must go all lengths. His cry must be 'no quarter!' His warfare must be uncompromising, indiscriminate. He must hold no communion with any who do not sympathize with him to the full. He must be a party man—stand at the corners of the streets and cry aloud. He must be *sensitive* to a fault. Above all he must be ever on his guard lest *Reason* get the upper hand of him.

If he is not all this, he is a *slave*, a time server, a halter between two opinions—and unworthy of the confidence of a *reforming public.*

Whoso applies cold reason to every subject, looks at it on every side and in every aspect, before he espouses it, and then comes forward and advocates his cause in the calm, dignified language of truth and *charity*; is denounced as dull, cold and heartless. He lacks enthusiasm,—he is not zealous.

A standard is thus raised, which is almost the reverse of that calm, honest, manly, Christian principle, which we have been wont to call independence. And this standard it is, around which wise and good men will not rally, and in consequence are branded as anti-reformists. And this it is, that drives the great mass of the people from the ranks of the reformers, and draws in as many hot headed zealots who appear to take a pleasure in berating their betters.

I love *independence*. It commands my reverence wherever I find it, but this *imitation* is disgusting to my mind. I would that every man should have his opinions upon all great subjects and openly come out in their defence,—fearless of what the multitude *think*, *do*, or *say*, mindful only of reason and charity and truth. I am not unaware that the number of time servers in the community, among *all* classes, is large and increasing—and I hear, gladly, the tones of reproach that are ringing in the ears of such. But I am also aware that many who *join* in this reproachful strain are *themselves* the guilty, and that many, *very* many of our most useful men, are denounced as time serving for this *only* reason, that they *will not be party men*, but are *in spirit and truth independent.*

C.

From the *Athenian Oracle*, a magazine commenced in 1691, and contributed to by many of the first scholars of the age.

Q. What is death?

A. Not to be, and to cease to be, is much the same: It sometimes falls out that the more common a thing is, the more difficult it is to speak well of it, as in many sensible Objects. Nothing is more easy than to discriminate Life and Death, and yet to explicate the Nature of both, is a severe task, because the Union or Disunion of a most perfect form with its matter, is inextricable; however, we shall offer those things that have given us the greatest satisfaction in our Enquiries—Death (or a Cessation of Doing and Suffering) is generally agreed to be the greatest Evil in Nature, because 'tis a destruction of Nature itself; but why it should be represented so terrible, is as great a Riddle to me, as a certain Knowledge of what Death really is—This is the common Plea of Mortals, Here we know and are known, and all the Enterprizes we take in hand we have the satisfaction of reflection, and a review when they are past, but Dying deprives us of knowing what we are doing, or what other State we are commencing. 'Tis a leap in the dark, not knowing where we shall light, as a late Naturalist (to say the worse of him) told his inquisitive Friend when he was going to die. But this is a Weakness, which as it makes Men anticipate their Misery, so it enlarges it too. We look upon nature with our Eyes, not with our Reason, or we should find a certain sweetness in Mortality, for that can be no loss which can never be missed or desir'd again—As Caligula pass'd by, an Old Man requested him that he might be put to Death? Why, says Cæsar, are you not dead already?—There is something in death (sometimes at least) that is desirable by wise Men, who know 'tis one of the Duties of Life to die, and that Life would be a Slavery if the Power of Death were taken away.—We had the curiosity to visit two certain Persons, one had been hang'd and the other drown'd, and both of 'em very miraculously brought to Life again;—we ask'd what Thoughts they had, and what Pains they were sensible of? The person that was Hang'd said, He expected some sort of a strange Change, but knew not what, but the Pangs of Death were not so intolerable as some sharp Diseases; nay, he could not be positive whether he felt any other Pain than what his fears created; He added, That he grew senseless by little and little, and at the first his Eyes represented a brisk, shining, red sort of Fire, which grew paler and paler, till at length it turn'd into a black, after which he thought no more, but insensibly acted the part of one that falls asleep, not knowing how or when. The other gave me almost the same account, and both were dead (apparently) for a considerable time. These Instances are very satisfactory in Cases of violent Death, and for a natural Death, I cannot but think it yet much easier. Diseases make Conquest of Life by little and little, therefore the strife must be less where the inequality of power is greater.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE SUPPOSED MATTER OF WONDER.

It has been deemed very wonderful that men should so often disagree in their opinions, and that so much of controversy should result. But how little has it been considered what cause we have for wonder and for gratitude that men can understand one another as well as they do, that they agree in opinion so often; and that too on subjects of great importance to their happiness. Who has ever observed two deaf and dumb persons conversing, and not been surprised that they can so well understand each other? But the signs employed by the deaf and dumb are not more arbitrary than those employed by other people. Human language is composed of words, phrases, and forms of speech, completely arbitrary—and these were originally as destitute of intelligible meaning as any motions of the hands or fingers. By use they have acquired a meaning; still the same word has often many different meanings, as used by the same person; and different persons have by education been led to affix a different meaning to the same word or phrase. Is it not then wonderful that men do not more frequently misapprehend each other's meaning in the use of these arbitrary signs?

Besides, it is very probable that even learned men often perplex their own minds by an inaccurate use of words and phrases. As an example of this it may be observed, that the ancient philosophers were generally agreed in this opinion, that matter existed from eternity. Those of them who believed in the existence of a God, and that he formed or created this world, did not believe that he created the matter of which he formed the world; but that he formed or created the world of pre-existing materials, as a carpenter builds a house by refashioning and arranging materials which he finds already created.—'The grand motive' says Dr Good, 'for this general belief appears to have been a supposed absurdity in conceiving that *any thing could be created out of nothing*' 'How could something arise out of nothing?' was a philosophical query. Dr Good opposed this ancient hypothesis, and in his reasoning frequently has the idea that '*God created out of nothing*,' without evincing that he perceived any inaccuracy in the language, or in the sentiment which it seems to express. He admitted that it was impossible for men to create something out of nothing, but not impossible with God. All that the doctor had any occasion to maintain or assert is this, that God created matter, by giving existence to what had not previously existed. To say that God created matter, is one thing; to say that he 'created it *out of nothing*' is a very different thing. For this form of speech implies that nothing is the name of a something, out of which God made matter. I verily believe that it is absurd to suppose that the world or matter was 'created out of nothing;' yet I believe with Dr Good, that God created matter in the absolute sense of creation. In this hypothesis I see no absurdity. It is not impossible that the ancient philosophers fabricated their supposed absurdity by their incorrect phraseology—'*something* created *out of nothing*.'

In reply to their query 'How could something arise out of nothing' I may say, this idea is not implied in the hypothesis that God created matter. For surely that which arises as the effect of an omnipotent cause can with no propriety be said to 'arise out of nothing'—unless the omnipotent cause is nothing.

Life is something of a higher nature than mere matter; and to give life to a dead body is as high an act of absolute creation as the giving of existence to matter. Yet this life is not 'created out of nothing,' nor does it 'arise out of nothing.' It was given by what is called the 'breath of the Almighty,' and by the same breath the world was formed. If after Lazarus had been dead four days, God could by his Son speak life into the dead body, by saying 'Lazarus come forth,' who can reasonably doubt that the same Almighty breath could speak matter into existence in any form which to him appeared desirable, whether in the form of lifeless clay—a living vegetable, or a living animal?

The egg that was recently laid must have had a Maker of intelligence and power far superior to a hen or any bird known to mankind. To change the properties contained within the shell,—and of such materials to produce a living chicken with flesh and bones, covered with feathers, might display as much wisdom and power as if the effect had been instantaneously produced by the omnific words 'let there be a chicken.'—When we behold a living and beautiful bird which has been formed from such materials as we have seen in a new laid egg, we naturally infer the existence of a powerful, wise, and good God.

But it may be with propriety asked, Does not a human language—say the English language, written and oral, as it appears in its most improved state, or as written by the best authors, or as spoken by the best orators, afford as clear evidence of the being and perfections of God, as the formation of a bird from such materials as we behold in an egg? Very little indeed do we see in the egg adapted to the purpose of forming a living bird, composed of flesh and bones, with a covering of beautiful feathers.

But as little do we see in the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and the arbitrary names and sounds assigned to them, any thing of which might be made a human language as a medium of communication and conversation among millions of people of the same nation; a medium too by which they can correspond with each other orally when together, and by writing when at the distance of thousands of miles from each other. A well formed human language affords abundant evidence of the being, the power, the wisdom and the goodness of our Maker. Compared with what learned men now are, how little would they have risen above the elephant, or the dog, had they never enjoyed the benefit of any human language, superior to the signs employed by the deaf and dumb?

Was it to us a new thing, it would be a wonderful phenomenon to see an audience of many hundreds charmed and captivated by the instructions communicated by the various modulations of the voice of an accomplished speaker; nor would it perhaps be less wonderful to hear the speaker interpret signs which had been made on a sheet of paper by a friend in China, to be communicated to such an audience. How cheering to them would it be thus to hear the voice of a far distant friend, making himself present by alphabetical signs. Still it is a truth that human language is accompanied by such imperfections that the meaning of the signs are sometimes misapprehended; and what is said by the same writer or speaker is differently understood by different persons. Hence results that diversity of opinion by which societies are often disturbed; and hence too result occasions for the exercise of the amiable virtues of meekness, candor and charity one towards another. Were we duly affected with the goodness of God in furnishing us with a language so useful and so generally understood, we should be less likely to contend when the same words happen to be differently understood by different persons.

VISITING ESSENTIAL TO THE BEST INFLUENCE OF S. S. TEACHERS.

We have been permitted to publish the following extract from a Semiannual report which was read to the Teachers and friends of the Sunday School connected with the Warren St. Chapel, on Sunday Aug. 13th, by Rev. Mr Barnard.

A great deal might be done likewise by our making more frequent visits at the homes of the children. We all need sympathy and kindness—we all welcome every manifestation of interest and attention towards ourselves. A child feels this as much as a man, if not more. He can distinguish, as by intuition, the friend and the lover of children. A visit at his house—a nod, or a look, or a kind word in the street—will secure his confidence and his love. Gold and silver in after life will not purchase that place in his affections which you and I may now win by any simple but true token of kindness and good-will.

The oftener we visit our pupils the more will they love us, the better will they attend to our instruction, and the deeper will all our lessons sink.

M. Louis, the distinguished physician of the Hospital of La Pitie in Paris, may safely be called the ablest and most successful medical instructer of the present day. He has around him a large class of students attracted from various quarters of the world. We are told that he notices every absence from his lesson at the Hospital that occurs among them. Should the individual fail to come the next day, his Teacher makes particular inquiry as to the reason. Should he be absent the third day, he enters his cabriolet at the close of the lecture and makes a visit immediately at the student's chamber.

Nor is this the only way in which he displays the personal interest which he feels for his pupils.

And herein lies one of the chief elements of his success. He wins the hearts of his young men. He approaches them freely and closely. They feel at ease and intimate with him. He can thus teach them more and lead them farther than could any one of more reserved manners and a less generous bosom.

It is the true way to teach.

It is the mode that Jesus pursued. The multitude wondered at the *gracious* words that fell from his lips. His look, and tone, and manner, and the whole course of his life revealed an interest in others so sincere, a love for them so true and fervent, that they were astonished at his *manner* of instruction, and exclaimed, He teaches as one having authority.

We sometimes hesitate to call at the homes of our pupils from a feeling that we are strangers there. There is no ground for such fear. I can safely say from several years' experience that no one has a warmer welcome than the Sunday School Teacher from the parents of his children. Some of the happiest moments of my life have been passed at the firesides of our little flock. From the lips of their fathers and mothers have I often gathered new zeal and deeper faith in our great and good work.

I trust that in our connection with our pupils we shall always bear this in mind, and never fail to regard our visit at their homes as among at once the pleasantest and the highest of our duties in the Sunday School.

We would respectfully express an earnest hope that in all cases of sickness and accident, occurring to the children, we may receive as early and direct information as possible. We feel that on such occasions it does ourselves great good to see them—and we have reason to believe that better lessons are often given in their sick chambers than in all their other schools.

INSCRIBED ON A FAMILY BIBLE.—This is a sacred piece of furniture. The more it is used the brighter it will shine. In every house where it is reverently and daily consulted, it becomes a glory and a defence. It contains a fountain of living water, always full and always flowing. It is admirably calculated to banish gloom and melancholy—to sweeten the cup of affliction, and to gild with permanent and unfading lustre the days of ease and prosperity. It divests death of its sting, and opens the gate of everlasting life and glory.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 19, 1837.

DR CHANNING'S LETTER TO THE HON. HENRY CLAY.

By the politeness of the publishers, James Munroe & Co, we have been favored with a perusal of the sheets of Dr Channing's letter on the annexation of Texas to the United States.

It is one of the most spirited and forcible productions of his distinguished pen. It has more freedom, directness and plainness than any other of the Dr's published writings. Designed for circulation amongst all classes of our citizens, it is carefully adapted to the understanding of all readers, and is to be sold at an unusually low price.

The author utters himself with an earnestness which plainly indicates that his convictions of the iniquity and the danger of annexing Texas to the Union, were so deep and strong as to be irrepressible. He speaks boldly, but he addresses an intelligent and free people. He speaks glowingly, but it is from the inspiration of a pure zeal for humanity and the right. He speaks severely, but it is to expose and rebuke fraud and wickedness. He speaks with all the authority of an experienced Statesman, but it is upon a matter, concerning which, the moralist, the divine and the free citizen ought to be well informed, and competent and prompt to discourse.

The letter will be read with interest wherever freedom is dear, and justice and truth hold sway.

The following extract explains the reasons which led to the writing of the letter, and the plan &c. of the discussion which it contains.

My dear Sir,—I trust, that you will excuse the liberty which I take in thus publicly addressing you. If you could look into my heart, I am sure you would not condemn me. You would discover the motives of this act, in my respect for your eminent powers, and in my confidence that you are disposed to use them for the honor and happiness of your country. Were you less distinguished, or less worthy of distinction, I should not trouble you with this letter. I write you, because I am persuaded, that your great influence, if exerted in promoting just views on the subject of this communication, would accomplish a good, to which, perhaps, no other man in the country is equal. I am bound in frankness, to add another reason for addressing you. I hope that your name perfixed to this letter, may secure to it an access to some, perhaps to many, who would turn away, were its thoughts presented in a more general form. Perhaps by this aid, it may scale the barrier, which now excludes from the South a certain class of the writings of the North. I am sure your hospitality would welcome me to Kentucky; and your well known generosity, I believe, will consent that I should use your name, to gain a hearing in that and the neighboring states.

It is with great reluctance that I enter on the topic of this letter. My tastes and habits incline me to very different objects of thought and exertion. I had hoped, that I should never again feel myself called to take part in the agitations and exciting discussions of the day, especially in those of a political character. I desire nothing so much as to devote what remains of life, to the study and exposition of great principles and universal truths. But the subject of Texas weighs heavily on my mind, and I cannot shake it off. To me, it is more than a political question. It belongs eminently to morals and religion. I have hoped that the attention of the public would be called to it by some more powerful voice. I have postponed writing, until the national legislature is about to commence the important session, in which it is thought, this subject may be decided. But no one speaks, and therefore I cannot be silent. Should Texas be annexed to our country, I feel that I could not forgive myself, if, with my deep, solemn impressions, I should do nothing to avert the evil. I cannot easily believe, that this disasterous measure is to be adopted, especially at the present moment. The annexation of Texas under the existing circumstances, would be more than rashness; it would be madness. That opposition to it must exist at the South, as well as at the North, I cannot doubt. Still, there is a general impression, that great efforts will be made to accomplish this object at the approaching session of Congress, and that nothing but strenuous resistance can prevent their success. I must write, therefore, as if the danger were real and imminent; and if any should think that I am betrayed into undue earnestness by a false alarm, they will remember that there are circumstances, in which excess of vigilance is a virtue.

In the course of this discussion, I shall be forced to speak on one topic, which can hardly be treated so as to give no offence. I am satisfied that in this, as in all cases, it is best, safest, as well as most right and honorable, to speak freely and plainly. Nothing is to be gained by caution, circumlocution, plausible softenings of language, and other arts, which, in destroying confidence, defeat their own end. In discussions of an irritating nature, the true way of doing good is, to purify ourselves from all unworthy motives, to cherish disinterested sentiments and unaffected goodwill towards those from whom we differ, and then to leave the mind to utter itself naturally and spontaneously. How far I have prepared myself for my work by this self purification, it becomes not me to say; but this I may say, that I am not conscious of the slightest asperity of feeling towards any party or any individual. I have no private interests to serve, no private passions to gratify. The strength of my conviction may be expressed in strong, perhaps unguarded language; but this want of caution is the result of the consciousness, that I have no purpose or feeling which I need conceal.

I shall, in one respect, depart from the freedom of a letter. I shall arrange my thoughts under distinct heads, and I shall do this, because I wish to put my reader in full possession of my views. I wish to use no vague declamation, to spread no vague alarm, but to bring out as clearly as possible the precise points of objection to the measure I oppose.

STATE LUNATIC HOSPITAL REPORTS &C.

We have read these documents, which were printed by order of the Senate and make a very neat volume, with unqualified gratification.

There can be no subject more deeply interesting to the benevolent mind than the condition and treatment of the Insane; and the statement of cases, and the suggestions made in this volume by the excellent superintendent and by the Committees, Trustees &c, cannot fail to fill the humane bosom with encouragement and delight.

The Lunatic Hospital at Worcester is an honor to Massachusetts, and a noble monument of the philanthropy of the present generation. In no similar Institution has kind management, and systematic religious and moral treatment been more faithfully tried and more eminently successful.

It is one peculiar and most commendable feature of this Institution that it receives and guards and carefully provides for the amelioration of the condition of the INCURABLES, a class, hitherto, too much neglected and abused.

We copy a few cases from the Report of the Superintendent, which show, more than any words of ours could declare, the nature and the extent of the benefits of the Hospital at Worcester, and which ought to be related in every town and village in our state, if for no other reason than to do away the unjust prejudices, that still linger in many minds, against Insane and other Hospitals.

No. 1.—One case, reported by the Commissioners for the erection of the Hospital, had been, when he was brought to the institution, twenty-eight years in prison—seven years he had not felt the influence of fire, and many nights he had not lain down for fear of freezing. He had not been shaved for twenty-eight years, and he had been provoked and excited by the introduction of hundreds, to see the exhibitions of his raving. He is now, and has been, comfortable in health—well clad—keeps his bed and room remarkably clean, and, although very insane on certain subjects, is most of the time pleasant, companionable, and entirely harmless and docile. He shaves himself twice a week—sits at table with sixteen others—takes his meals—walks about the village and over the fields with an attendant to accompany him, and enjoys himself as well as his illusions will permit. This man committed homicide.

No. 3.—An old man of seventy years of age or more; had been *chained for twenty-five years*, and had his chain taken off but once in that time. Has for many months been very quiet and civil, and behaves like a gentleman: and, although quite insane, keeps his room in good order, and takes his meals at table with seventeen others with the utmost propriety.

No. 5—Is a mechanic, who had been in close confinement for six years. He committed homicide; and if this institution had not been erected, would probably never have been permitted to leave his cell. He is now a useful mechanic; labors a great portion of his time; often reads his bible and the public papers; is exceedingly happy that this place has been provided for him, and blesses its founders and conductors daily for the benefits conferred by it on himself and other inmates. He walks abroad and often attends church.

No. 7.—Had been confined a violent maniac. Had been caged and chained for years. It was concluded to set him free, and see how he would conduct. He fell foul of his brother, and killed him with a bludgeon, and, pursuing his sister, would probably have done the same to her, had he not been arrested in season to prevent it. When caged he was naked and filthy, but now dresses neatly; is cleanly and civil; mingles freely with sixteen other persons, and, though quite insane, is to us perfectly harmless.

No. 8.—Had been ten years without clothes; a most inconceivably filthy and degraded being; exceedingly violent and outrageous. She now wears clothes, is neat and cleanly in her person, takes her food at table with a large company, does much needle work and knitting, and, though at times violent, is managed without the least severity or difficulty.

No. 9.—Another female, exceedingly filthy in her habits, had not worn clothes for two years, during which time she had been confined in a filthy cell, destitute of every thing like comfort, tearing every thing in pieces that was given her. She is now dressed cleanly, works some, takes her food at table in company, sings very pleasantly when requested and is a large part of the time very civil and agreeable.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

We learn from various sources that the effort which are in process to disseminate knowledge of the Scriptures and to establish Protestant Chapels in France, are likely to be crowned with a good degree of success. A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer, writing from Bolbec (*Lower Seine*) makes mention of the rapid increase of Chapels, and alludes to comparatively flourishing societies in the City of Tours, in the department of Saone-and-Loire, the stations of Macon, Tournels, Louhans, &c., and says that every month, new fields of labor open to the activity of Evangelists.

We have other testimony to the fact that the inhabitants of many of the villages, who are nominally Catholics, listen often with great eagerness, seriousness and manifest delight, to the preaching of the Gospel.

CHURCHES IN BOSTON.

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.

	Churches.	*Organized.*	*Pastors.*
1.	Old South,	1719	G. W. Blagden.
2.	Park Street,	1809	Silas Aiken.
3.	Union Church,	1822	N. Adams.
4.	Phillips Church,	1823	J. H. Fairchild.
5.	Bowdoin Street,	1826	H. Winslow.
6.	Green Street,	1826	Wm. Jenks.
7.	Pine Street,	1827	Artemas Boies.
8.	Salem Street	1827	Joseph H. Town
9.	Mariner's Ch.,	1828	D. M. Lord.
10.	Franklin Street,	1828	Wm. M. Rogers.
11.	Free Church,	1835	Charles Fitch.
12.	East Boston,	1836	Wm. W. Newell.

BAPTIST CHURCHES.

1.	First Baptist,	1664	Vacant.
2.	Second Baptist,	1743	Baron Stow.
3.	African Baptist,	1805	Vacant.
4.	Charles Street,	1807	Daniel Sharp.
5.	Federal Street,	1827	George B. Ide.
6.	South Baptist.	1831	Vacant.
7.	North Baptist,	1835	Vacant.

EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

1.	Christ Church,	1723	Wm. Crosswell.
2.	Trinity Church,		J. M. Wainwright. John L. Watson.
3.	St. Paul's Church	1820	J. S. Stone.
4.	Grace Church,	1820	Thos. M. Clerk.
5.	St. Matthews,	1818	Horace Conolly.

There are thirteen Unitarian Churches in Boston, (including King's Chapel) all but four of which were, originally, orthodox in sentiment. Two churches, one in School street and one in Hanover street, became extinct about the time of the Revolutionary War.

Other denominations of this city, we suppose, stand thus:—Episcopal Methodist, 5 churches; Protestant Methodist, 1; Christian, 2; German Lutheran, 1; Free Will Baptist, 1; Roman Catholic, 3; Universalist, 3.—*Recorder.*

Upon this the Editor of the N. Y. Observer makes the following remarks, which, as they communicate *important and accurate* intelligence, it may be gratifying to some of our Readers to have an opportunity of perusing.

In this enumeration, the church in Lynn street, of which Dr Lowell is pastor, is counted as Unitarian. Dr. Lowell protests against being called a Unitarian, and gives, as one reason, his dislike of sectarian names, and another, his disagreement with the Unitarians around him in doctrine. He professes to sympathise more nearly with the orthodox; but they think that his influence is, on the whole, in favor of Unitarianism. The church is one of the largest in the city, and is supposed to contain a considerable amount of real piety.

The writer and his friends are to be commended for their penetration, in tha they have made the discovery that Dr. Lowell's influen

is, upon the whole, in favor of Unitarianism; and for their *charity*, in that they assert that his professions and his real sentiments contradict each other, and allow that his church is *supposed* to contain a *considerable amount* of real piety. Our absent Father is too widely known and loved to require any defence from the unwarrantable aspersion which is thus cast upon him.

A member of the Boston association, rarely absent from its meetings, when at home, on terms of the closest intimacy with Unitarian clergymen, and habitually exchanging with them, and voting with them in the Convention, and ever foremost to denounce all the exclusive measures of the opposite party—who are they that will affirm that he *professes to sympathise* more nearly with the Orthodox? The Church in Lynde street is rightly reckoned among the number of the Unitarian Churches in Boston—for the great and glorious doctrine of the unity of God has been taught in it these many years.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

This celebrated society held its thirty third anuiversary on the third of May, at Exeter Hall, Lord Bexley, the President in the chair.

The Report stated that 581,843, copies had been issued during the past year: of which number 163,046 had been issued from Depots abroad. The total number of copies issued by this society since its commencement was 10,293,645. The funds of the society were reported to be the largest ever received in a single year, having amounted to £108,740, 19s. 11d. The expenditure of the society during the year had amounted to £103,170, 15s. 2d.

The meeting was largely attended, and rendered interesting and impressive by several eloquent speeches and the relation of many entertaining anecdotes illustrative of the eager curiosity with which the Scriptures had been often received, and of the power of their truths over the minds of the Heathen.

We have made the following extracts from the speeches delivered on this occasion, as we find them reported in the London Christian Observer of June; believing that they will be interesting, to most at least, of our readers.

Rev. Dr Cox, of Hackney, in the course of his remarks related the following circumstance.

Allow me to refer to a circumstance which was lately brought to my knowledge by an individual from the East Indies, which tends to illustrate the importance and value of the Bible: and to show in what various ways its benefits may be displayed, when we are not, perhaps, conscious of the happy effects which it is secretly producing. And here I have to introduce the name of one highly distinguished—Archdeacon Corrie, now Bishop of Madras. Archdeacon Corrie was, at the time of which I speak, the Chaplain of Allahabad (I speak of what he did more than twenty years ago, when he was residing at Allahabad as Chaplain). At that time there was no Hindostanee Version of the scriptures; and it was his custom to translate, on small bits of paper, striking passages of Scripture into the Hindostanee language, and every morning to distribute these papers at his door. Twenty years afterwards, he received a communication from a Missionary at Allahabad; who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there, and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The Missionary had visited him three several times; and was so astonished at his knowledge of the Scripture, and his impression of its great realities, that he put the question, 'How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the Sacred Scriptures? You have told me you have never seen a Missionary in your life, nor any one to teach you the way to life and salvation!' And what was his answer, My Lord? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well-worn and tattered bits of paper; and he said, 'From these bits of paper, which a Sahib distributed at his door, whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day, till they are thus tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language; from them I have derived all the information on eternal realities which I now possess. This,' said he, 'is the source of my information: thence I have derived my knowledge.'

Rev. Jonathan Crowther, Wesleyan Missionary, among other good ideas, fitly spoken, expressed the following noble and truly Christian sentiments.

My Lord, it has been my great privilege, from a child to know those Holy Scriptures, which are able to make men wise to salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus: from my earliest years, I have been taught to reverence those Scriptures, as the only and sufficient rule, both of faith and practice. I can, therefore, give the right-hand of fellowship to any man holding the same principles; I am willing to co-operate with him, or to follow him, if he prefer that, in any service, by means of which we may promote that circulation of the word of God which it is our object to secure; and while I draw water from the well of Salvation with that urn that seems to suit me best, I am not offended with my brother, because he draws with an urn of a colour or pattern different from my own. I can forget, in the prosecution of the great object, those minor circumstances, which create subordinate distinctions; and can put them aside with a stanza, accomodated to this point, from the writings of a modern Poet:

> 'My glass may be purple, and yours may be blue;
> But while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
> The man who can quarrel for difference of hue,
> Deserves not the comfort they bring to the soul.'

. . . . . The follower of Mohammed may think as much of his Koran as the Christian does of his Bible; and he may suppose, too, that the diffusion of it would confer happiness; but whatever he may think of the book which is the foundation of his hope, yet there is no feeling derived from it which will prompt him to efforts for its diffusion. In no unevangelized country do we find those feelings which prompt the people to such efforts: it is the Bible alone which inculcates that principle of charity. . . . . But there is another consideration: by the grace of God, it is the privilege of every being to search for himself those Scriptures in which alone we have eternal life. Let this principle be fully impressed on our attention—and let it be understood by the world—that the religion of the Bible is the only religion that can save the soul, and that it is designed for universal circulation; and then, away will go all superstition, and all the bonds of prejudice; and this miserable world will once more be comparatively a paradise of purity and peace.

The subjoined anecdote was given among others of a similar character, by Rev. Dr Philip from South Africa.

I recollect going one day into a house, to visit a Chief. This Chief, a few years before, did not know that he had a soul—did not know the God that made him. He was then about ninety years of age. When we entered, he was sitting on the floor. He had been blind for years. When we told our names, instantly he burst into tears, grasped our hands, thanked God for the visit we had paid him, and began to talk about his situation. Scraping up some of the dust with his hand, he said: 'In a little time I must mingle with that dust; but in this flesh I shall see God. I am blind; I see not the light of day; but, by the light of faith, I see Jesus standing at the right hand of God, ready to receive my soul.' I remembered, My Lord, at that moment, that I had read, in the Life of Trajan, a soliloquy that he held with his own soul immediately before his death. 'This head,' says he, 'shall no more wear a crown; these feet shall no more stand on the necks of princes; these hands no more sway a sceptre; this heart no longer be flattered with the praises of men; these ears no more be delighted with harmony, nor these eyes with fine sights; and my soul—oh, my soul! what is to become of thee!' Now, contrast the feelings of this poor man with those of the Ruler of the Roman Empire, in their dying moments; and you find, that when you give a Bible to a poor savage, and it produces this effect on him, you do more for that man than if you could have given him the government of the world. This man had been taught by the Bible alone: a little child read the Bible to him every day; he heard the Bible every day, and was enlightened by the Bible;—and it was one of the Bibles of this Society that he had at that moment.

Rev. J. Williams enlivened and gave point to a very good speech by two or three illustrations of the power of the doctrines of the Bible, when judiciously explained, to reach the heart of the pagan.

CAPTAIN LORD BYRON AND THE SCRIPTURES.

When I had the honor of attending the Meeting last year, I was requested to give an address in the Lower Hall; where some Clergyman—I do not know his name—gave a most interesting account of a Missionary Meeting that Captain Lord Byron had attended in Bristol. At that Meeting, his Lordship had described his visit to the South-Sea Islands; stating, that, in passing from the Sandwich-Islands' group to South America, he had happened to light on an Island which he imagined was not discovered: the boats were lowered, and the officers had specific orders to be cautious in the intercourse with the people, as, in all probability, they were savages. But soon after, a canoe appeared, with two good looking natives in it. They came on board the ship; and presented a document from a Missionary, stating that they were Native Teachers, employed to impart the knowledge of Salvation to the inhabitants of that Island. His Lordship went on shore; and was conducted through a wood. When he had proceeded about two miles, a wide lawn opened before him; and in the centre of this lawn stood a spacious Chapel, and some native cottages, appearing to peep at him through the luxuriant foliage of the bread-fruit and banana trees in which they were embowered. His Lordship was then conducted into a cottage, which he described as very clean and respectable; and on a table in one of these cottages, the habitation of the Native Missionary, his Lordship recognised a portion of the New Testament in the native language. His Lordship had given a most interesting account, which was reported by the clergyman last year; and when he sat down, I had the happiness of standing up, and introducing myself to the Meeting as the individual who discovered the Island, introduced Christianity to the inhabitants, and translated the very portion of Scripture which the Captain found there. I may add that the inhabitants of that Island were converted to Christianity by one single portion of Scripture. This will show the power of Divine Truth, and how admirably adapted Scripture language is to all people, in all climes, and under all circumstances.

MOAH AND NOAH.—Another interesting anecdote related by the same Rev. gentleman.

The Chief of a neighboring Island, called Atua, had ill treated the Native Missionaries. When I visited them, I found them clad in old rotten matting; and they were eating red earth so that they were nearly starved to death. This Chief came on board the ship—a bigoted, confirmed idolater. Something occurred to make him stay on board during the Sabbath, and in the afternoon he came to our worship. In my address, I quoted, and made remarks on, that inimitable passage of Inspired Truth, where the Prophet Isaiah, speaking of the folly of the idolater, says, that 'with part thereof he maketh a god, and with part he roasteth roast.' This passage, like very many others, is calculated to produce a far more powerful impression on the mind of intelligent heathens than on a mere English reader. The natives have two words in their language, not very dissimilar as to their sound, but quite opposite as to meaning; the one is '*moah*,' the other '*noah*'; the one meaning 'sacred,' and the other the very opposite of sacred. Whatever pertains to the god is '*moah*,' or 'sacred'; and all that pertains to food is the desecration of all that is sacred. And now, for the first time, the day dawned in the mind of the Chief, and he perceived the extreme folly of uniting the two in one tree. He sat, I suppose, nearly five minutes: and at last he sprang on the deck, stamped with his feet, and exclaimed, 'O what fools we have been! we have been confounding the *moah* and *noah*. To the day of my death, I will never again worship such contemptible idols! They have eyes, but cannot see; and hands, but cannot handle.' He spent the night in conversation with the Native Missionaries; and the next morning he came to me, expressing a wish that I would supply him with two axes, as he intended to go on shore and commence cutting down trees for posts of the house that he would erect for the worship of Jehovah. Finding this Chief had influence over two Islands, I thought it might be beneficial to remain on board our ship a little longer, in order that I might obtain a comfortable situation for Missionaries at those Islands;—but it was not to induce him to exercise any authority, for the purpose of making these people embrace Christianity. I never did any such thing in my life: I have always used the moral influence of the Chiefs, and nothing else. I thought it would be a benefit to the Chief, and to our success, to induce him to accompany us in the boat. He leaped on shore, where he was greeted by the multitude; and the first sentence he uttered was, 'I am come to tell you about the True God, and about salvation through Jesus Christ, His Son! We have Teachers here, who will instruct you in these things:'—and then he began to unfold the impression made on his mind about '*moah*,' and '*noah*.' We staid there a few days; and he put his purpose in execution. What did they do with their gods? Burnt them What did they do with their temples and Marais? They destroyed them. What did they do with the great Arahis, of which the Chief was the Priest? Tossed him on the fire. A similar circumstance occurred at an Island at about twenty-five miles distance; and in a few months the inhabitants of these three Islands were professing Christians, and not a vestige of idolatry was to be found in one or the other; and all these results were accomplished, by the blessing of God on one single portion of that volume, which it is the object of this Society to send to every part of the habitable globe.

INTELLIGENCE.

Western Rail Road.—We understand that the directors of the Western Rail-road have completed the location of the road, from Worcester to the boundary line of the State of New York, where it will meet the two railroads leading to Hudson and to Albany. They have also established the depot in Springfield, at the Hubbard estate, near the mansion house of the late Judge Hooker. The route of the location West of Connecticut river, we understand, follows the valley of Westfield river, and the Pontoosuck valley to the summit of the mountain, and thence through Dalton and Pittsfield to the New York line, following nearly the course of Mr Baldwin's survey, made in the year 1828. The greatest inclination on any part of the line, is at the rate of 80 feet in a mile. This rate of ascent is found necessary in passing some parts of the Berkshire ridge, but on all other parts of the route the inclinations are much less.—*Dai. Adv.*

New River Craft.—The Ogdensburg Republican notices the following as among the occurrences in that quarter, consequent upon the rise of the St. Lawrence—which it says was higher than it has been known to be since the settlement of the country.

'Last week two islands, belonging to the group known as the 'Thousand Islands,' floated from their moorings and came down the river to this place. The first one came down on Thursday evening, and was towed in about a mile and a half below the village, where it grounded in about six feet of water The second made its appearance on Saturday morning, and by the assistance of a favorable wind, was anchored near the brewery of the Messrs. Creightons, in the lower part of the village.

Nothing can be imagined more picturesque and beautiful than the appearance of these green islands floating upon the bright bosom of our majestic river. The novelty of the sight attracted many persons in boats who seemed anxious to gain possession of these seemingly 'fairy isles.' They were both covered with a luxurient growth of grass, one of which has since been mown and a heavy crop of hay taken therefrom.

TITCOMB, THE MURDERER.

We have been favored with the following interesting facts respecting this unfortunate individual, by a person who has been acquainted with him for several years, and who visited him in the Hopkinton, N. H. Jail, a few days ago. It will be remembered that Titcomb killed his fellow workman, Russell, in the cooper's shop where both were at work. He endeavored to head him up in a barrel, but not being able to effect that, he set the shop on fire.

This man presents another melancholy instance of mental derangement, caused by the excessive excitement attendant on those over wrought scenes of Religion, Camp Meetings, Revivals, &c. Some few years since, he was engaged to be married, but death intervened and claimed the object of his attachment. He then sought for consolation in camp meetings, &c., and finally became a religious enthusiast, giving away for various pious purposes a moderate competency. About three years since, while living in Boston, his friends first observed indications of insanity. He saw at a class meeting, a Miss T. of this city; he conceived a violent attachment, and wrote to her, requesting permission to pay his addresses. He received an answer from her father, as he supposed, it being anonymous, telling him he deserved a horse-whipping for his presumption, and also some threats if he dared to repeat his imprudence. This had a withering effect on him; he suspected every one who looked at him was seeking an opportunity to chastise him, and by degrees persuaded himself that Mr T was seeking to take his life. Having this constant dread on his mind, he determined to leave the town. He accordingly went to Bangor, and steadily pursued his business for several months, the idea still haunting him, and gaining strength by every trivial circumstance, that Mr T. had sent his emissaries to take his life. He suspected his fellow workmen, and although often told how foolish were his suspicions, it was impossible to convince him, and all those who were acquainted with him in Bangor, were perfectly satisfied that he was a partial lunatic. During this time, he attended church, and class, and all other meetings appertaining to religion, and appeared perfectly sane, except in the matter of religion, and the other horrible hallucination. One night, after retiring to bed, he heard some one talking in the garden. He looked out, and observed three men conversing together, and he immediately concluded they were about to take his life. He barricaded his door, and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. During this night, his horror of mind was indescribable. The next morning he observed several persons with cow hides, and again he conceived himself the object of their wrath, so he left the town as fast as he could hurry off. Since then he has continued but a short time in one place, the slightest circumstance arousing his suspicion. The incident that principally induced him to commit the fatal act for which he now awaits his trial, was this. Some two or three friends of his fellow workmen called at the shop, and he overheard, or thought he overheard these words spoken to Russell—'You have had one chance; you may have another to-day, do not let it pass.' This he immediately applied to himself, conceiving these men were the emissaries of Mr T. and were persuading Russell to kill him; so to save his own life he destroyed Russell.

These particulars of this unfortunate individual will doubtless appear ridiculous in the eyes of many, but those who are acquainted with the strange hallucinations of a monomaniac, can imagine the horror and wretchedness of this unfortunate being for the last three years;—in constant dread of losing his life. The same feeling haunts him now. He says they are going to burn the jail down to destroy him, and frequently refuses victuals for days together, thinking it is poisoned. His brother was making arrangements to get him into the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, at the time he killed Russell, and it is to be regretted that it was not effected a few months ago. To medical men it may be observed, that Titcomb had suffered much from dispepsia, and possesses the nervous temperament.

It is to be hoped that those persons who have had opportunities of observing his insanity, will come forward on the trial, and satisfy the jury of the fact. We know there are many.—*Boston Herald.*

Important from Mexico.—We have been favored by a respectable house of this city, with the following extract of a letter, received per Sarah Anna, dated

TAMPICO, July 22, 1837.

Gen. Bustamente has demanded a loan from the clergy, of five millions of dollars, which it would appear has given little satisfaction to the latter, and they found it advisable to enter again into negotiations with Santa Ana. The government, aware of this, ordered Santa Ana to appear before the court martial to answer to the charges against him, on account of his late Texas campaign—Santa Ana replied to the call in the following laconic manner:

'No puedo, no debo y no quiero'—(I cannot, I should not, and I will not.)

In consequence of which a strong detachment of cavalry was dispatched from Mango del Clavo, with orders to take the hero and bring him a prisoner to the capital. On their arrival, however, he was no where to be found. Some say he is gone to Jalapa, others to Vera Cruz.

Victoria and Bravo, it is said, have also turned Santa Ana men.—*N. Orleans Bee, Aug. 5.*

Destructive Gale at Nassau, N. P.—British sloop Humming Bird, at Norfolk from Nassua, N. P. informs that a violent and severe gale of wind from E. to E. S. E. visited that place on Saturday night, 29th July, and continued with unusual severity until 2, P. M. on Monday following, which did much damage to the town and harbor. Three vessels were driven to sea. Two vessels were wrecked in the vicinity of the harbor, and it was ascertained that some of the crews had perished. Four houses were blown down in town.

It was apprehended that the corn crops would be nearly all destroyed. Corn was scarce and high—selling at $ 2 50 per bushel.

Later from Europe.—The ship New Jersey, Captain Dickson, arrived at this port on Tuesday, from Liverpool, bringing London papers to July 8, and Liverpool to the 10th. Their contents are not important.

The funeral of William IV. was celebrated on the 8th. The principal places of business in Liverpool were closed.

Accounts from Paris to the 6th, state that the question of a dissolution of the Chambers is considered as settled in the affirmative.

Accounts from Hanover, of June 29, announce the arrival of the King on the preceding day.

It was rumoured that the Queen would be advised to create eighteen new Peers the present session.

The London and Birmingham Rail way was to be opened to the public for a distance of more than 20 miles from London on the 20th of July.

The proceedings of Parliament were without interest. The dissolution was expected to take place on the 18th or 19th. The electioneering was going on warmly in various parts of the kingdom.

The news from Spain is not important. Don Carlos, however, was in motion, and threatened a movement upon Madrid.

Hard Times in Egypt.—We have already published some notice of the distress from famine, and the financial embarrssment in the dominions of the Pacha of Egypt. The following letter, which we translate from a Smyrna paper, gives a more particular description of the distressed condition of that country:—*Dai. Adv.*

ALEXANDRIA, April 26, 1837.

Besides the Cholera, our country is a prey to another scourge—*want*. The corn and the barley still fall short, and beans, which for some months have been the only nourishment for the poor, are becoming very scarce. The bake-houses are almost all closed, for want of meal, and those which are stil in operation, are beseiged, invaded by a famished multitude, who seize upon the bread in the middle of the streets. In fact, nothing is more deserving of pity than this miserable population, who are dying of hunger, and who seek even in the filth of the streets wherewith to prolong their wretched existence. Meantime this deplorable state of things must continue for some time longer—for besides, that the want of rain, and the winds of the desert, which have prevailed this year, have entirely dried up the little harvests which are habitually made in the neighborhood of Alexandria, Lower Egypt will produce scarcely any grain this year, in consequence of orders given by the Pacha to cultivate cotton every where, in the hope of augmenting his revenues, and with the risk of making the people die of hunger. Add to this, that there comes no corn from abroad, on account of the shameful vexations, and the taxes which the authorities have laid on those who have endeavored to introduce it.

But the barbarous cupidity of Mehemet Ali has not failed to receive its punishment. He has not blushed to expose his people to all the horrors of famine, to augment the revenues that he promised himself would be increased by the culture of cotton, and his cottons remain, for the most part, upon his hands, on account of the high price which he demands, and the fall which has taken place in Europe on this article.—Mehemet Ali could hardly persuade himself at first to sell his cotton at $19, the quintal, and he has now more than two hundred thousand quintals, which he may think himself very happy if he can dispose of for $12 or $10. It is apparent that houses which have speculated on this article have not been able to do a very brilliant business, and it is still more fortunate that with the design of starving the manufacturers of Europe, and consequently of making the law Mehemet Ali has refused to sell when speculators were full of desire to purchase cotton. It is his avidity which has preserved commerce from a great catastrophe. We are no better off here, however, for there has been no business done for some time back on account of the want of money, as well as the want of credit which has followed the derangement of some houses. The government especially feels an excessive want of money. The troops, the navy, the people employed, nobody is paid, and the service begins to feel this drawback. The Pacha not knowing how to extricate himself this difficulty has just ordered the establishment of a Bank of Discount, under the direction of two *Saraps*, bankers, Armenians, creatures of Boghos Bey. The capital of this bank will be a million and a half of talari. All the high officers and the military have been taxed proportionally, and are obliged, under penalty of disgrace undoubtedly, to put into the bank the sums for which they are taxed, in consideration of an interest of 10 per cent. a year, which—they are promised. This bank is now being organized at Cairo, and it is to have a branch here, which will discount at 1 per cent. per month.

In the meantime, and awaiting better times, we are assured that the government has already taken possession, under the name of a loan, of a part of the sums already paid in, to provide for their most pressing necessities. It will be perceived that this establishment begins under favorable auspices, and in a manner to merit the confidence of capitalists! There is a general opinion that some trouble will be found in collecting the proposed capital, even if the usual rigorous measures employed on similar occasions, should be resorted to, by the paternal administration of Mehemet Ali.

A Sixth Continent.—An extraordinary phenomenon, presented in the Southern Ocean, may render our settlements in New South Wales of still more eminent importance. A sixth Continent is in the very act of growth before our eyes! The Pacific is spotted with islands, through the immense space of nearly fifty degrees of longitude, and as many of latitude. Every one of these islands seems to be merely a central spot for the formation of coral banks, which, by a perpetual progress, are rising from the unfathomable depths of the sea. The union of a few of these masses of rock shapes itself into an island, the seeds of plants are carried to it by the birds or by the waves: and, from the moment it overtops the waters it is covered with vegetation. The new island constitutes, in its turn, a centre of growth to another circle. The great powers of nature appear to be still in peculiar activity in this region; and, to her tardier process, she sometimes takes the assistance of the volcano and the earthquake. From the South of New Zealand to the North of the Sandwich Islands, the waters absolutely teem with those future seats of civilization. Still the coral insect, the diminutive builder of all these mighty piles, is at work, the ocean is intersected with myriads of those lines of foundation; and when the rocky substructure shall have excluded the sea, then will come the dominion of man. [Liverpool paper.]

Rapidity of Steam Navigation from England to Portugal.—Until now there have been but very few persons, who would not have thought it impossible to go from England to Portugal and return to England, within the space of six days. But that this can be done, is proved by the following facts:—The steam packet Iberia, belonging to the Peninsular Steam Navigation Company, took passengers aboard at Falmouth the 22d May, and landed them sixty-six hours afterward at Oporto. The steam packet Braganza, belonging to the same Company, left Oporto, immediately after, and carried to England, letters from passengers by the Iberia, announcing their safe arrival in Portugal,—she arrived at Falmouth in seventy hours passage, on the 28th of May, so that it was only 135 hours (hardly six full days) from the time the passengers embarked at Falmouth until their arrival in Portugal was announced to the friends they had left in England.—*Journal du Havre, 5th June.*

East India Company.—Among the controversial papers, published in England, a few years ago, respecting the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, there was a concise history of this commercial body, from which we have taken the following sketch.—The stock is divided among 2000 ladies and gentlemen, who elect 24 directors six of whom go out in annual rotation. These directers have, under their immediate employ, a body of book-keepers, clerks, porters, so numerous that they have formed three complete regiments of volunteers. There are, in the Company's service, 115 ships of different burthens which are navigated by about 10,000 seamen, and it is stated that these vessels furnish employment to a population little short of 50,000 in London. The amount of their commercial capital, is estimated at 21,000,000 sterling. Such is their home establisment. In India, the Company have under its control a territory of 389,000 miles peopled by sixty millions and yielding an annual revenue of seventeen million sterling, an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and a numerous and splendid establishment of governors, judges, diplomatic residents, merchants, &c. &c.

The Euphrates Expedition.—The Pembroke, 74, which arrived at Plymouth on Sunday last, has brought home the surviving officers and men of the Euphrates expedition, except Colonel Chesney, who, early in February, intended to go from Bagdad to Bushire, and from thence to Bombay, to endeavor to arrange with the Indian Government in carrying out the plan of a mail communication between England India by steam, up the Euphrates. On the 25th January, 22 officers and men left Bagdad on their return over land to the Mediterranean. They were attended by a few Arabs of various tribes, for the purpose of explaining who they were as they went along, being under the nominal protection of Ibrahim Pacha, the heir to the Egyptian throne. And these men they found very useful, as they averted several threatened attacks—and in one instance from a party of 1500 horsemen. They crossed the Euphrates near the spot where their steamer was sunk, and where she now lies, bottom upwards, on the 20th of that month; reached Palmyra on the 8th February, and Damascus on the 13th, Balbec on the 21st, and got a view of the Mediterranean on the 24th, at Beirout, whence they in a few days after embarked in the Blazer steamer, Lieut Waugh. The steamer at Bagdad was left in charge of Mr Hector, the consul, and he intends to employ it in making regular trips for goods and passengers to Bassorah and Bushire, a distance of nearly 500 miles. [Hampshire Telegraph.]

*** The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges to have received of Ladies of the First Parish in Gloucester, Thirty dollars to constitute their Pastor, Rev. Josiah K. Waite, a Life-member of the A. U. A.

The Anniversary of the NEWTON THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION will be held in the new Baptist Meeting house in Newton, on *Wednesday*, the 23d. of August, at half-past 8 o'clock, A. M.

JAMES D. KNOWLES, *Sec'ry of the Faculty.*
Newton Centre, August 2.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr George W. Philbrooks to Miss Elizabeth M. Brazier, both of this city.

In South Boston, on Tuesday Evening, by Rev. Mr Capen, Mr Hiram T. Foster to Miss Margaret C. Hodgman.

In Bath, Me. I. Young Scammon, Esq. counsellor at law, of Chicago, Ill. to Miss Mary Ann Dearborn.

At Bridekirk, England, 29th June, John Stanton Blake, Esq of Boston, U. S., to Miss Hervey, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. A. Hervey.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr Amos Sumner 51.

In this city, Capt. Isaiah Skinner, about 65—for many years master of a packet from this place to Belfast.

Mr Charles C. Barnard, 22; Julia Parker, daughter of Mr Albra Wadleigh, 11 months.

In Provincetown, Mrs Isabella Nickerson, 85.

In Medford, 9th inst. Rev. Levi Pratt, 37, Pastor of the 2d. Congregational Society in that town.

In Brighton, Miss Almira B. Wright, second daughter of Dea. Amos Wright, 22.

In Pembroke, Mr Caleb Taylor formerly of South Boston, 49.

In Pepperell, on Sunday last, Elizabeth A. daughter of Mr John Hildreth, formerly of this city, 7.

In Rowe, 5th inst. William Taylor, Esq. a patriot of the revolution, 88.

Drowned, on the evening of the 8th inst. in Salsbury's Pond, Benjamin, youngest son of Mrs L. Phelps, of Worcester, 14.

Lost overboard, off Block Island, from schr Nahant, of Plymouth, Capt. Elijah Nickerson, Jr. of Dennis.

CHRISTIAN TEACHER, (LONDON.)

JAMES MUNROE, & CO. have just received the May and June Nos of the Christian Teacher.

Contents of May No.

1. Essays on the Fundamental Principles of Christian Belief. 2. Prayer, in verse. 3. Neccessity among Unitarians of a specific culture of the spiritual Nature. 4. Philosophy of Faith. 5. Commercial Distress. 6. Gurney on the Deity of Christ. 7. Psalmody. 8. The Glory of God. 9. Dr Channing on the evils of Creeds. 10. Remarks on the above. 11. Domestic Missionary. 12. Mr Brooks on Ordinations among Presbyterians. 13. Mr Buckland's Appeal for Aid. 14. Intelligence.

Contents of June No.

1. Essays on the Fundamental Principles of Christian belief. 2. Death of the Corsair. 3 Miss Martineau on Moral Independence. 4. Blessedness of a Sense of Pardon. 5. God the sole Judge of the Heart. 6. Miss Martineau's Society in America. 7. Nursery Government. 8. Remarks on the Culture of the Spiritual Nature among Unitarians. 9. Critical Notices. 10. The Domestic Missionary. 11. Intelligence.

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aug 19

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE. The following are the Plates contained in the eleven No's of the Shakspeare Gallery already published, being the best work of the kind ever published:—Viola, Beatrice, Anne Page, Perdita, Helena, Ophelia, Juliet, Rosalind, Desdemona, Jessica, Lavinia, Cressida, Julia, Princess of France, Titania, Olivia, Anne Bullen, Imogen, Cleopatra, Queen Margaret, Lady Anne, Margaret, Lady Macbeth, Constance, Katharine, Miranda, Lady Percy, Mistress Ford, Maria, Cassandra, Queen Katharine, and Celia. The Portraits are illustrated by extracts from the Plays. The work will be completed in fourteen parts. For sale at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street, together with all the most popular Illustrated Works, Engravings &c.

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Trustees of the School.
Cambridge, Dana House, July 15, 1837.

THE HARCOURTS.—This little work, by a Southern Lady, being Part 4 of the Stories of Real Life, of which the Three Experiments and Elinor Fulton formed Parts 1 and 2, has received the most flattering notices from the press, and four editions have already been published. Published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.

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MR ADAMS' FOURTH OF JULY ORATION, delivered before the Inhabitants of the town of Newburyport.

Say ye not, a Confederacy, to all them to whom the people shall say a Confederacy, neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid.

This day received at the Literary Rooms 121 Washington street. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW YORK REVIEW AND QUARTERLY CHURCH JOURNAL.

THE subscribers have the pleasure of announcing to the public, that the second number of this Journal will appear on the first of October, and punctually thereafter every quarter. The work will continue under the editorial charge of Professor C. S. Henry, and from the great favor with which its first number was received, and the interest so extensively manifested in the work, the publishers anticipate a generous support. Subscriptions respectfully solicited.

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aug 12

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Applications for admission are made, and the examination begins, at the subscriber's lecture room, in Divinity College, at half past eight, A. M. of the first

POETRY.

THE DIVISION OF THE WORLD.

Translated from the German of Schiller, for the Portsmouth Journal.

'Take ye the world,' cried Jove from highest heaven;
'Take ye the world, to you it now is given;
The world your lasting heritance shall be,
Take then the gift and share it brotherly.'

Then age and youth tumultuous sped amain,
In hasty zeal each golden prize to gain.
The ploughman gleaned apace the nodding corn,
While 'mid the forest, rang the hunter's horn.

The merchant garner'd wealth from every clime:
And portly abbots hous'd the sparkling wine;
While kings claimed tithes, and eke the right to lay
Their tolls on bridges and the public way.

When now no nook of all the earth remained
By lord or tradesman, king or priest unclaimed,
From forth the shadowy realm of dream and song,
The heedless *Poet* urged his steps along;

Then prostrate fell before the throne of love,
And plaintive sought the listening ear of Jove.
'Behold!' he cried, 'thy fondest son is left,
Houseless and poor, of every largess reft.'

'And whose the fault,' said Jove, 'if 'twas thy will
To dwell, 'mid shadowy dreams, in idlesse still?
Where wert thou ling'ring when the earth was given?'
'With *thee*!' replied the poet, 'in thy heaven;

Mine eye intent thy wondrous power to see,
And rapt mine ear with heavenly harmony.
Forgive thy son, who, bent to praise thy name,
Hath all forgot his heritage to claim.'

'The earth,' said Jove, 'the earth is no more mine,
Claim'd are its fields and marts in every clime.
But if thou'lt dwell within my heaven with me,
Come when thou list, its gates shall open be.'

W*****.

[From English Religious Magazines.]

A SABBATH-DAY'S JOURNEY.

Short was a Sabbath's journey: emblem meet
To tell its toils how few, its joys how sweet;
And still each Sabbath shines so full of heaven,
Though short all days, 'tis shortest of the seven,

—

TEACHING A LITTLE CHILD.

Look not so meek, my little child;
List not so mutely, I beseech thee;
So docile beams thine eye and mild,
'Tis terror to my mind to teach thee.

Men school'd will frown, and school again,
Or pause, each doubtful thought recalling;
If, warned, they err, 'tis not my pen
Or word shall answer for their falling

But thou so fondly drink'st my lore,
With reverend awe, and eyelid weeping,
Thou seem'st my wisdom to adore,
And yield'st thy conscience to my keeping.

I speak; thy faith submits resigned,
Nor eloquence nor reason misses;
And when I probe thy artless mind,
Thy answer is a shower of kisses.

Then mine the blame if harm betide;
'Tis not enough to smile and bless thee;
Well may I faltering turn aside,
To weep and pray, ere I address thee.

Not thousands thronged, where speech is free
To laud or spurn my poor suggestion,
Weigh like one infant on my knee,
That loves, confides, and asks no question.

Savior! who didst not scorn the speech
Of babes, when ruder tongues denied Thee;
Once Babe! oh, teach me babes to teach.
Yes; Bethlehem's Babe, my child, will guide thee.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY REV. JOHN GAMBOLD.

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these eyes and hands my own;
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known;
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind:
O what is thought? and where withdraw
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel? why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
So at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship! why impressed
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardors from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame and waft me to the dead.
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are known no more:
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

MAY JOY BE THINE.

May joy be thine—the joy that springs
So fair in young, untainted bosoms;
When Hope begins to plume her wings,
And pleasure spreads her first sweet blossoms.

May joy be thine—the purer bliss,
Which to maturer hearts is given,
When weary of a world like this,
They meekly turn their thoughts to heaven.

May joy be thine—the calm content
Of those whose lengthened years afford,
The memory of a life well spent—
The foretaste of a sure reward!

MISCELLANEOUS.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

'Anne Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anne Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anne Marie.'—*Ivanhoe.*

The melody of birds finds its way to the heart of every one; but the cause that prompts the outpourings which make copse, rock, and river ring again on a fine spring morning, is more a matter of doubt with ornithologists than the uninitiated in zoological mysteries might suppose. Much has been written on this subject, but upon a consideration of the different opinions, aided by our own observations, we are inclined to think that love and rivalry are the two great stimulants, though we do not mean to deny that a bird may sing from mere gaiety of heart arising from finding itself in the haunts dear to it, and in the midst of plenty of the food it likes; to give vent, in short, to the buoyancy of spirit arising from general pleasurable sensations.

In this country the season of reproduction is undoubtedly that wherein—

'The isle is full of pleasant noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight.'

And about ten weeks have been mentioned as the period during which most of our wild birds are in song. That there are exceptions to this rule, there is no doubt. We have heard a wild thrush, one of the sweetest singers of his tribe, sing far into September, but we watched narrowly, and never could find that he had a mate. Then again, we have the autumnal and even the winter notes of the robin long after the breeding season; and caged birds, if well fed and kept, will sing the greatest part of the year.

Let us endeavor, before we proceed further, to give the reader some idea of the natural musical instrument with which the loud and complicated passages of song birds are executed. The *larynx* is formed much after the fashion of some artificial wind instruments, and consists of two parts; of these the first contains the proper *rima glottidis*, at the upper end, while the bronchial, or lower larynx, is furnished with another *rima glottidis* with tense membranes. The lower apparatus may be compared to the reed in a clarionet or hautboy, and the upper to the ventage or hole of the instrument that utters the note. Besides all this, it has been truly asserted, that there is no part of a bird's structure impervious to the air; and as M. Jacquemin observes, it is the volume of air which birds can introduce into their bodies, and the force with which they can expel it, that solves the problem how so small a creature as a singing bird can be capable of sending forth notes so loud, and of warbling so long and so prodigally without apparent fatigue. The muscles, whose province it is to regulate this wonderful wind-instrument, are proportionably strong and highly developed in the sex which is more peculiarly gifted with musical power. Thus John Hunter, on dissecting a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock linnet, and a cock and hen chaffinch, found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all the instances where he dissected both cock and hen, he remarked that the same muscles were stronger in the cock. The rivalry with which some of these feathered songsters will sing against each other in captivity is well known to bird-fanciers, and Bechstein observes, speaking of the Thuringian Canary birds, that there are some males which, especially in the pairing season, sing with so much strength and ardor, that they burst the delicate vessels of the lungs, and die suddenly.

The Hon. Daines Barrington, who paid much attention to this subject, remarks that some passages of the song in a few kinds of birds correspond with the intervals of our musical scale; but that much the greater part of such a song is not capable of musical notations. He attributes this to the following causes:—First, because the rapidity is often so great, and it is also so uncertain where they may stop, that it is impossible to reduce the passages to form a musical bar in any time whatsoever;—secondly, on account of the pitch of most birds being considerably higher than the most shrill notes of instruments of the greatest compass;—and lastly, because the intervals used by birds are commonly so minute that we cannot judge at all of them from the more gross intervals into which our musical octave is divided.

But though, as the same author observes, we cannot attain the more delicate and imperceptible intervals in the song of birds, yet many of them are capable of whistling tunes with our more gross intervals, as in the case of piping bulfinches and canary birds. This faculty of learning the first notes that the bird is able to distinguish, leads us to another part of our subject, and we will now proceed to the experiments made by Daines Barrington, showing that the varied songs which distinguish different species of birds, are the consequence of the parental notes which first meet their ears.

The learned author states that to be certain that a nestling will not have even the *call* of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food. After stating the trouble of breeding up a bird of this tender age, and admitting that he himself never reared one, he goes on to speak of a linnet and a goldfinch which he had seen, and which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old, and to mention some other curious instances of imitation in the following terms:—

'The first of these, (the linnet,) belonged to Mr Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which, from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the word *pretty boy*, as well as some other short sentences. I heard the bird myself repeat the words *pretty boy*; and Mr Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note nor call of any bird whatsoever. This talking linnet died last year, before which many people went from London to hear him speak.'

'The goldfinch I have before mentioned was reared in the town of Knighton, in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear as I was walking by the house where it was kept. I thought, indeed, that a wren was singing; and I went into the house to inquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage. The people of the house, however, told me that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note as they called it, upon which I stayed a considerable time in the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren, without the least mixture of goldfinch. On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only a day or two old, that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nestling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the *call* of a goldfinch. These facts which I have stated, seem to prove very decisively that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the same song, insomuch that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him? This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, while it disregards the notes of all others, which may, perhaps, be singing around him. Young Canary birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts, and yet I have been informed that they only learn the song of the parent cock. Every one knows that the common house sparrow, when in a wild state, never does anything but chirp; this does not, however, arise from want of power in this bird to imitate others, but because he only attends to the parental note.'

Two points in this interesting description will be noted by the observer, and the questions will occur—how was the first bird of each species taught, and is not the assertion touching the sparrow somewhat bold?

The difficulty surrounding the first is more apparent than real; for if it be granted that species were created, all the distinctions of voice and plumage follow of course; and it will equally follow that they have been regularly transmitted down to the present period in such species as have not become extinct. With regard to the second we shall permit Mr Barrington to speak for himself, for he *has* proved the fact:

'To prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged and educated him under a linnet; the bird, however, by accident heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.'

The same experimentalist educated a young robin, under a very fine nightingale, which, was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight: the scholar afterwards sang three parts in four nightingale, and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call 'rubbish,' of no particular note whatever.

Bechstein observes that nearly all birds when young will learn some strain whistled or played to them every day; but those only whose memory is retentive will abandon their natural song and adopt fluently the air that has been taught them. In proof of this position, he adduces the cases of the goldfinch and bulfinch, stating that a young goldfinch will, indeed, learn, some part of the melody played to a bulfinch, but will never repeat the lesson so perfectly as the latter, and that this great difference is not caused by the greater or less flexibility of the organ of the voice; but rather by the superiority of the bulfinch's memory.

In the cultivation and management of the human voice, and to keep up its tone, and the power of execution, we know how necessary constant practice is; and we find the same sort of discipline resorted to both by caged birds, and those which pour forth their 'wood notes wild.'

'It is remarkable,' says Bechstein, 'that birds which do not sing all the year, such as the redbreast, siskin, and goldfinch, seem obliged, after moulting, to learn to warble, as though they had forgotten; but I have seen enough to convince me that these attempts are merely to render the *larynx* pliant, and are a kind of chirping, the notes of which have but little relation to the proper song; for a slight attention will discover that the *larynx* becomes gradually capable of giving the common warble. This method of recovering the song does not, then, show deficiency of memory, but liability to rigidity, occasioned by disuse of the *larynx*. The chaffinch will exercise itself in this way some weeks before it attains its former proficiency, and the nightingale practises as long the strains of his beautiful song, before he gives it full, clear, and in all its extent.'

This 'practising' is termed by our British bird-fanciers and bird-catchers, 'recording,' a word, according to Daines Barrington, probably derived from the musical instrument formerly used in England, called a 'recorder,'* which seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe notes. The term 'recording' is more particularly used by the same fraternity, to distinguish the attempt of the nestling to sing, and which may be compared to the imperfect endeavor in a child to babble.

'I have known,' says Barrington, 'instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old. This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at. Whilst the scholar is thus endeavoring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them. What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself. A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered. When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to *sing his song round*, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

Barrington defines a bird's song to be a succession of three or more different notes which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crotchets in an *adagio* movement, or whilst a pendulum swings four seconds. Now let us see what notes have been detected in the song. Observers have marked F natural in woodlarks; A in thrushes; C falling to A commonly in the cuckoo; A natural in common cocks; B flat in a very large cock; D in some owls; B flat in others. Thus we have A, B flat, C, D, and F, to which Barrington adds G from his own observations on a nightingale which lived three years in a cage; and he confirms the remarks of the observer who furnished him with the list, and says he has frequently heard from the same bird C and F. To prove the precision of the pitch of these notes, the B flat of the spinnet by which he tried them was perfectly in tune with the great bell of St. Paul's. E then is the only note wanting to complete the scale; but, as he says, the six other notes afford sufficient data for making some conjectures with regard to the key in which birds may be supposed to sing, as these intervals can only be found in the key of F with a sharp third, or that of G with a flat third; and he supposed it to be a plaintive flat third, that affecting tone which, in the simple ballad, or 'wild and sad' chorus, so comes home to our bosoms.

'Oft have I listened, and stood still,
As it came softened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men,
Who languished for their native glen.'

Barrington pronounces in favor of the flat third, because he agrees with Lucretius, that man first learnt musical notes from birds, and because the cuckoo, whose 'plain song' has been most attended to, performs it in a flat third. He strengthens his argument by showing that most of our simple compositions—old melodies, such as 'Morva' Rhydland,' and old music generally—are almost always in a flat third. The music of the Turks and Chinese, he also adduces as having half of the airs in a minor third, which is 'adapted to simple movements, such as may be expected in countries where music hath not been long cultivated.'

It will appear, however, from the following observations collected by White, in his enchanting history of Selborne, that neither cuckoos nor owls keep to one key. One musical friend informs the natural historian that all the owls that are his near neighbors hoot in B flat. But in the next letter to the author whom we have so largely quoted, dated August 1st., 1771, before the publication of that zoologist's memoir on the singing of birds, in the Philosophical Transactions, bearing date 1773, White says that a friend remarks that many (most) of his owls hoot in B flat; and that one went almost half a note below A. He adds that a neighbor with a nice ear remarked that the owls about Selborne hooted in three different keys,—namely, in G flat, or F sharp, in B flat, and A flat. 'He heard two hooting to each other, the one in A flat, and the other in B flat.' The same person found that the note of the cuckoo varied in different individuals; for, about Selborne wood, he observed, they were mostly in D; he heard two sing together, the one in D, and the other in D sharp, 'who made a disagreeable concert;' (one should think as much.) He afterwards heard one in D sharp, and about Woolmer forest, some in C.

It may seem a rather Milesian method of treating the subject of singing birds, to dwell so long upon the notes of cocks, owls, and cuckoos; but we shall find, that the distinctness and simplicity of intonation in these birds afford a much better chance of accurately determining the key than the rapid gush of song of the true warblers: and it will be necessary, before we enter upon the melodies of that exhilarating tribe, to draw the reader's attention to what may be called the conversational notes of birds.

Those which congregate in bushes keep up a constant twittering, as if to apprize each other of their presence, and all have notes expressive of alarm, or satisfaction, to say nothing of the language of incubation. These powers may be particularly remarked in the common poultry. The peculiar shrill cry with which 'the bird of dawning,' with uplifted eye, and head raised on one side, to give the widest upward sweep to his vision, gives warning of the horrible advent of the kite or sparrow-hawk: the note with which he gallantly calls his seraglio about him, to feast on the barleycorn which he has found and saved for them; the exulting cackle of Dame Partlet giving notice that one more milk-white egg is added to the number of those that have entered this best of all possible worlds, a cackle that is caught up from farm-yard to farm-yard, till the whole village is in an uproar, must be obvious to every one: even the newly hatched chicken—it is White, we believe, who makes the observation—will seize a fly, if offered to it, with complacent twitterings; but if a wasp be tendered, a note of aversion and distress, is the consequence.

The wild fowl, in the aerial flights, keep up a constant watch-note of communication with each other; and far and wide in the silence of night does their cry resound. The windpipes of many of these are complete wind instruments; that of the wild swan takes a turn within the sternum somewhat after the fashion of a French horn or bugle. May not these unearthly sounds, heard from on high,

'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,'

have assisted the legends of the ghostly huntsman, and his wild chase in the air, sweeping overhead like the rush of withered leaves?

The call, as it is technically termed, of singing birds seems to have an almost miraculous power over the race, as the bird-catcher well knows.

'When the bird-catcher hath laid his nets, he disposes of his *call-birds* at proper intervals. —It must be owned that there is a most malicious joy in these *call birds* to bring the wild ones into the same captivity, which may likewise be observed with regard to the decoy ducks. Their sight and hearing infinitely excel that of the bird-catcher. The instant that the wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the rest of the *call birds*, (as it is by the first hound that hits on the scent, to the rest of the pack,) after which follows the same sort of tumultuous ecstasy and joy. The *call birds*, while the bird is at a distance, do not sing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird catchers call *short jerks*, which, when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The ascendency by this call, or invitation, is so great, that the wild bird is stopped in its course of flight, and if not already acquainted with the nets lights boldly within twenty yards of perhaps three or four bird-catchers, on a spot which otherwise it would not have taken the least notice of. Nay, it frequently happens that, if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and share the same fate; and should only one bird escape, that bird will suffer itself to be pulled at till it is caught—such a fascinating power have the *call birds*.†

We do not mean to detain the reader upon a bird catching expedition—though it would be more full of interest than some would think—but he ought to know, before he goes on one, that a bird acquainted with the nets is by the bird-cathers termed a *sharper*: him they endeavor to drive away, as they can have no sport in his company. It is worthy of note, too, that even in their captivity the natural instinct of the *call birds* is in many points no whit blunted: for the moment they see a hawk, caged though they be, they communicate the alarm to each other, by a plaintive note, nor will they then *jerk or call*, though the wild birds are near‡

It is in the Insessorial order § of birds that the songsters abound, but there is one remarkable exception among the Raptorial order, in that warbling African, *Le Faucon Chanteur* ‖ of Le Vaillant, perhaps the only known bird of prey—Cuvier says the only known one—that sings agreeably. Its song is very sweet, but dangerous as the lay of the Syrens, and

'Mocks the dead bones that lie scattered by.'

Few spots are more musical with song-birds than these islands. Not that the woods of America are mute—but they want the brilliant variety of ours: and one of her sons, who has so well deserved of the lovers of natural history in all countries, has endeavored to colonize the Transatlantic groves with the feathered songsters of Britain. And yet they have that wonderful polyglot the mock bird.¶ Him we have seen and heard in captivity, and—but Wilson has immortalized the bird with his graphic pen, and, in all humility, we lay down ours.

'The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his natives groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various song birds, are bold and full, varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity; and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiast ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells and dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, 'He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.' While thus exerting himself, a by-stander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog: Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a wheelbarrow, follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions. * * * * Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable medley.'

* The passage in 'Hamlet' will occur to every one. † Barrington on the small birds of flight. ‡ Barrington. § Insessores—Perching birds. ‖ Falco musicus of Daudin. ¶ Orpheus polyglottus.

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